McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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BURNED TO DEATH AT THE CAMP FACTORY

Charles Palmer the Victim of Accident Early Monday Morning.

HIS DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

He Entered Cold Air Shaft and the Damper was Reversed—His Body Burned Beyond Recognition.

Charles Palmer, master teaser of the Camp glass factory, met with a shocking death between the hours of five and six o'clock Monday morning while working at that factory, he being literally roasted to death in the air chamber near the bottom of the large stack. His body was found about seven or eight minutes after he was shut in the hot air chamber and was burned beyond all recognition. Practically every stitch of clothing was burned off his body, his shoes even being almost entirely consumed except the soles.

At about 5:18 that morning Charles Palmer said he was going down stairs to look at what is known as the checkers and as he started he told his brother-in-law, Harry Lingerton, to reverse the air damper at 5:20, this being necessary every 20 minutes to keep the tank in proper working order. Lingerton reversed the air damper at the proper time and in about five minutes he became worried because Palmer did not return, and, taking a lantern, went down to look for him. He soon found that Palmer was not near the checkers nor anywhere in sight. This caused him some worry and he gave orders to have the damper reversed again, knowing of no other place Palmer could be. When the damper was turned he was confronted by a most horrible sight. Mr. Palmer's badly charred body lay in the left air chamber, face upward, his arms and legs drawn up by the terrific heat and the fingers entirely burned off.

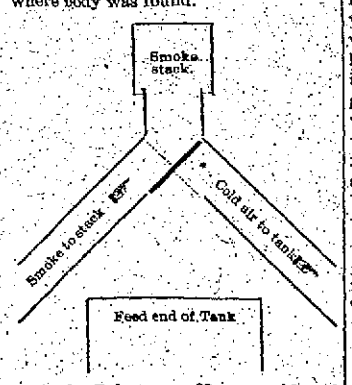
Mr. Lingerton half shouted and half moaned that he had burned Charley up and several men rushed down to the scene. The body was taken out and as soon as possible removed to Sasse's undertaking rooms where it was prepared for burial.

What made Mr. Palmer enter this cold air chamber when he had given orders to have the damper reversed, thus making it the hot air chamber, in two minutes is past understanding. He thoroughly understood it was certain death to be caught there. About a year ago he came near being caught the same way when he was removing a brick that was giving some trouble, only saving himself that time by catching the damper with a bar *after it had* been started.

That death was instantaneous is certain because the hot air chamber carries all the smoke, fumes and other matter from the tank to the smoke stack and the fact that his body was so horribly burned in so short space of time shows conclusively that no human being could live in there to exceed ten seconds.

To give our readers a little better idea where Mr. Palmer was caught we give below a rough diagram of part of these air chambers and the way the damper is worked. These chambers start from the smoke stack and extend around to each side of the tank which contains the molten glass. One chamber is used to furnish air which mixes with the gas as it enters the tank while the other carries away the smoke, etc., as stated above. At the juncture of these chambers is the damper which is reversed every 20 minutes and at the same time the gas is turned off on one side of the tank and turned on at the other, which changes the current of air from hot to cold in these chambers. These air chambers are about three and a half feet wide and three feet high.

When Mr. Palmer entered the chamber the damper was in the position indicated by the dotted line, making the chamber indicated "Cold Air to Tank" the one carrying the smoke, fumes, etc., to the stack, the cold air entering on opposite side. The star (*) indicates where body was found.



Charles Palmer was 32 years old and we believe he was born in Dansville, N. Y. He was a resident of Bradford for some time and about five years ago came to Smethport to work in the Camp glass factory. He worked his way up from skimmer to master teaser and was a capable and trusted man.

He is survived by a wife and one child, aged about 18 months, and other relatives in Dansville. He was a member of the P. H. C. and Hose Company of this place and during his residence here made many friends who will unite with his relatives in mourning his untimely death.

Brief funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Wednesday morning, Rev. P. S. Calvin officiating and his remains were taken to Dansville for burial. The Camp and Smethport glass factories shut down for two hours and a large number of workmen and a goodly delegation of the Smethport Hose Co. attended the ceremonies in a body.

A Long, Cold Walk.

Richard Henry Vernon of London, England, a freshman at Cornell college, proved to a trio of upper classmen that his claim to endurance were not idle boasts. They had questioned his veracity and said he could not walk sixty miles in twenty-four consecutive hours.

The American students wanted to lay a money wager on the proposed walk but the English boy would have none of it. He said he accepted the challenge to prove to the Yankees that an English boy could walk.

A circuit of sixty miles was laid out and at 6 o'clock last Friday morning Vernon started on his walk. The day was bitterly cold and the roads were almost impassable with drifts, but he stuck to his task and would not listen to friends who overtook him in a sleigh and begged him to quit what they considered a foolish and impossible undertaking.

When night fell Vernon was 24 miles from Ithaca on the return trip, slipping and sliding in the snow and nearly exhausted but he still refused to give up. A little after 4 o'clock in the morning he struggled into Ithaca, "all in," but with almost two hours to spare.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were passed by Smethport Circle, No. 25, P. H. C., on the death of our brother, Charles L. Palmer.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved brother, Charles L. Palmer, and transferred him to the Great Circle above, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we fully realize the loss the family and Circle has sustained through the death of this brother, and the Circle hereby extends their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to our bereaved sister, Mrs. Sadie Palmer, and spread upon the minutes and published in the P. H. C. Gazette, McKEAN MINER and Smethport Democrat.

GEO. H. DENNING,
C. M. COLEGROVE,
CLARA BURLINGAME,
Committee.

Helpful to Women.

During the winter season, when hanging out clothes is so difficult try putting a handful of salt in the last rinsing water, and the clothes will not stiffen or freeze until they are hung on the line; indeed, it is possible even to change the position in a lineful of clothes, if necessary, before they freeze, and best of all, if hung out in the sun they will have commenced to dry before the freezing begins. This saves the wear and tear, for nothing is so hard upon linen as this freezing and flapping in the wind. They are also easier to remove from the line. Have a pair of white gloves for hanging out clothes, the white wool sort that are worn so much now, and these, with the salt water rinsing, will rob hanging out clothes in winter of its terrors, says an exchange.

Died from His Injuries.

Friday's Kane Republican says: Mr. Frank Later, a well known well worker, died at his home on Bayard street last evening, as a result of injuries received while working on a well at Kanesholm on Tuesday night. He was working in the derrick when something went wrong and he was struck by a heavy board which fell from the top of the derrick. He was brought home and given prompt medical attention, but he was unable to withstand the shock. He was well known in Kane where he has resided for a number of years. He is survived by a wife, mother, father, five brothers and seven sisters.

House for Sale.

A 16 room boarding house with bath, modern conveniences and all furnishings. Will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire of Mrs. Mary O'Day, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Two very distinguished arrivals are noted at the Wright House within the week, Sept. 1877. They are both ladies, and have engaged permanent board. Frank is of course glad to have their patronage, but objects to their demands for the best in the house, at all times night and day, without regard to cost or trouble. Nevertheless he puts up with it admirably, and expects in time to become very fond of them—out of personal regard and respect for their father.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the wedding ceremony uniting in the matrimonial bonds Rev. Hugh I. Miller, pastor of the Episcopal church of this place, to Miss Anna W. Getz, daughter of Rev. Henry S. Getz, pastor of the Memorial church of Warren. The ceremony is to take place Sept. 27, 1877. Although not being able to be present in the body, our best wishes and congratulations attend the happy couple.

The sixth game between the Buffalo and Rochester base ball clubs was played at Rochester Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1877. Nine innings were played without a run being made on either side.

One of the best known base ball men in the country, a Cincinnati man, declares that no pitcher ever curved a ball in its delivery, and that what is understood by a curved ball is an impossibility. Moreover, he offers to wager $1000 on it.

The following gentlemen were admitted at this term of Court to practice at the McKean county bar: Sheridan Gorton, David Sterritt, Hepburn McClure. There are now twenty-five resident and practicing lawyers in the county. Our rights should certainly be secure. [Sept. 1877.]

A son of Mr. Alonzo Maker, living near Goodyear's mill, on the Portage, was accidentally shot Sunday, Sept 23, 1877, under rather peculiar circumstances. An older brother had been using his gun and laid it temporarily upon a bed in the house. Two other boys, twins, aged 13 years, were about the house, one being at the time in the woodshed adjoining the house. The other seeing the gun undertook to cock it and it was accidentally discharged. The contents went through a portion of the bed clothes, thence through the side of the house and into the side of the boy in the shed. The bullet went entirely through his body. The boy walked in the house and said to his brother "you have killed me" and laid down upon the floor. Dr. Freeman was called and upon examination found that there was small chance of saving his life, but he is yet alive and we understand that there are now strong hopes of saving his life.

"Uncle" George Jacox of Norwich township, started from his house Sunday morning Sept. 23, 1877, to look after his cattle. Not returning after some time search was made for him and he was found lying dead in the field. He had apparently died very suddenly and from natural causes.

Friday morning, September 21, 1877, as some workmen on the McK. & B. R. R. were passing the depot at this place on a hand-car they noticed that the door to the freight house was open. Suspecting some foul proceedings they commenced investigating the matter, with the assistance of the agent and Constable Parker, and it was soon discovered that an attempt to burglarize the depot had evidently been frustrated by their opportune appearance. The burglars were poorly paid for their pains, however, as they had only succeeded in breaking open a trunk and valise, neither of which contained anything of value. The office desk and ticket case had also been broken open, but as everything of value was in the safe, there was no other damage done than the marring of the furniture. There was a heavy fog at the time, under cover of which the scoundrels managed to get away undetected.

White-Gallup—At the residence of the bride's mother, Sunday, October 21, 1877, by Wm. Heinemann, Esq., Mr. A. C. White and Miss Hannah A. Gallup, all of Norwich township, McKean county, Pa.

We have received a proposition from some eastern lecture bureau stating that Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton will deliver a lecture for us for the sum of $80 and entertainment. We firmly declined. The $80 is cheap enough, but the "entertainment" is what staggers us. Not any, thank you.

Among the gentlemen admitted to practice at this bar this week (Sept. 27, 1877) is Mr. David Sterritt, formerly, we believe, of Oil City. Mr. Sterritt has located the residence of his family in this borough, but will spend much of his time in the oil regions, having a large clientage among the Tuna Valley operators, gained by a successful practice in the lower oil country. He appears to be a gentleman who will do honor to the bar of the county.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Good Idea.

Last week the *Post Express* commented on Robert Hunter's new book, "Poverty," in which he states that there are at least 10,000,000 persons in this United States who are either paupers or on the verge of pauperism. Apropos of this subject a suggestion is made by G. H. Martin, of Jacksonville, Texas, that at least has the merit of originality. Mr. Martin, writing to a New York paper says:

"If it is true that thousands are thinly clad and starving in the great cities, such things ought not to be so. I have seen hundreds and thousands of bushels of fruit and vegetables going to decay, and cotton is actually in the way and is being burned with other trash in this land of plenty and to spare.

"I wrote this letter to propose another member of the President's cabinet, to be known as the secretary of distribution. In this goodly land we raise more than we can consume or sell, and are averse to destroying it, though it is just what is being done. A secretary of distribution would be supplied from Texas with a great quantity of the necessaries of life for the suffering poor, and for us it would be both charity and business. From an enormous crop a quantity could be set aside and reported to the secretary of distribution to be sent to the poor without money and without price; the remainder could then be sold at a fair profit. The government with its secretary of agriculture and experiment stations, has materially helped to bring about so called over production. A secretary of distribution would complete the circuit of government and individual effort for the comfort and happiness of all, and the socialists now so mouncing as a political party would cease to grow."

If this idea can be carried out in a practical way it will do much to relieve the sufferings of the poor.

Awakened by a Dog.

A special to the *Era* from Limestone, N. Y., dated Feb. 5, says:

Last night was the coldest of the season the temperature being 20 degrees below zero. At midnight Samuel Levitt and wife, who lived on a farm up Looney hollow, a short distance west of this place, were aroused from their slumbers by the frantic barking of their pet dog. The house was on fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Levitt, who are very old people, being near 80 years of age, on being awakened discovered the house to be full of smoke. Mr. Levitt groped about and obtained a pair of boots, which were the only articles saved by him. His wife, in endeavoring to secure something of value to remove from her burning home, placed her hands upon a heating stove and was severely burned.

When outside of the house the old couple found themselves without shelter or clothing in the intensely cold night air and at once hurried as rapidly as they could toward the nearest neighbor, whose house was a half mile distant. Mrs. Levitt had no shoes on her feet and but little clothing. She was badly frostbitten. Her husband was also frozen seriously before the house of the neighbor was reached. Mr. and Mrs. Levitt are in a serious condition from their most trying experience and it is feared that they may succumb to the effects of the frost. They are being cared for at the house of Kate Conklin. Their house and contents were wholly destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Cold Weather Yarns.

From Minnesota comes the report that a man named "Pete," employed by a farmer of Barden township, got drunk in Wheatley one day recently. He met the town marshal, who had a bottle which he claimed contained nitro-glycerine taken from a bank robber. Pete drank its contents and immediately became unpopular. Everybody feared he would explode and he was given lots of room. He started to walk home. Next morning his frozen body was found near the place where he worked. His employer placed the body in a work shop near a hot stove and started to notify the authorities. While he was gone Pete blew up, completely wrecking the work shop.

Here is another one: Chicago, Feb. 4.—The Polar bear, which for 24 winters has capered and basked in the zero breezes in Lincoln Park zoo, was frozen to death Friday night. He was captured in 30 degrees north when young and developed into the biggest white bear in the country. Three days of 15 degrees below zero were too much for him. Despite his heavy fur he shivered and shook. The head animal keeper had decided to put steam heat in the bear den when the end came.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned desire to thank, through the columns of the MINER, those who so kindly assisted during the sickness and death of their sister, Mrs. Mary Grant.

MRS. A. HUEBEN,
IRA PATTISON.

Clermont, Pa.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

HARRY LEAKE FATALLY SHOT AT BRADFORD

Robert St. Helen Resents a Base Accusation By Shooting.

AFFRAY OCCURRED ON MONDAY

Victim Taken to Bradford Hospital —St. Helen Claims He Acted in Self Defense—General Details.

Harry Leake, a glassblower, aged 27 years, was shot and fatally wounded by Robert St. Helen, a snapper employed in the Tuna Glass works, at 11 o'clock Monday morning, the affray taking place in a house of ill fame at No. 9, East Main street, Bradford, kept by woman named Lou McKenzie, who is generally known as "Whiskey Lou."

The tragedy was the result of slanderous stories circulated about St. Helen, and which at the time of the shooting he was attempting to have disproved.

The victim was immediately removed in an ambulance to the hospital, where an examination of his injuries was made. It was found that the bullet, which was of 32 calibre, had entered the abdomen, just below the sternum, and after passing through the right lung had lodged in the back. Owing to the nature of the wound the surgeons expressed no hope for his recovery and it was decided that an operation would but hasten Leake's death, consequently the surgical work was abandoned.

Reports from Bradford to-day say that Leake's condition although hopeless remains practically unchanged. He is conscious and fully realizes his critical condition. The bullet is lodged somewhere in the patient's back.

According to St. Helen's story he has known Leake for about a year. When Leake came to Bradford he had very little clothing and was without a lodging place. St. Helen says he allowed him the use of his room in the Bovaird block and gave him several articles of clothing. The men became close friends and remained so until one day St. Helen requested a loan of some money from Leake and was refused. Since that time, St. Helen claims, Leake has cherished a peculiar hatred for him. He injured and slighted St. Helen in various petty ways and would follow him about town. St Helen gradually began to fear Leake, who was a larger man than he and, with some local notoriety as a fighter. Several months ago St. Helen went to Falls Creek and he says Leake followed him. At one time after dark he was crossing the railroad yards in that place when he suddenly heard a number of shots fired close by, and one of the bullets struck his dinner pail and another pierced his coat sleeve. He believed that the man that fired the shots was Leake, although he did not see him.

Leake continued his persecution until Monday last when he reiterated a particularly foul accusation against St. Helen. They were in company with two other glassworkers at the time and St. Helen offered to take them to a resort on Corydon street and prove that the charge was false. Accordingly the men repaired to the place and there denial was made of any complicity in the circulation of the stories and of any knowledge as to St. Helen's guilt.

Then Leake insisted that the party must go to the East Main street house. St. Helen refused and showing a revolver said that although he had bought it to shoot a dog he would use it on any of them if they harmed him.

Finally the three men, Leake, McClellan and McKnight, persuaded St. Helen to accompany them to East Main street. When they arrived at the house St. Helen passed into the dining room and the other three men, in company with Lou McKenzie, passed into a smaller room and engaged in conversation. Leake was an intimate friend of the McKenzie woman, or what is generally termed among people of that stamp, a "lover."

They talked there for a while, and then, St. Helen says, he heard Leake say to Lou. "All that is necessary is that you say yes," and the woman answered, "All right Harry, I would do anything for you." This was in reference to the accusation of Leake. Then they called St. Helen into the room. St. Helen says he expected the matter would come to a climax then, and when he entered the room he had the revolver in his hand. St. Helen says the first words that were uttered in the room were by Leake, who said, "Isn't it so, Lou?" and Lou answered, "Yes." Leake then turned to St. Helen, called him a vile name and exclaimed, so St. Helen says, "I'll fix you right here."

St. Helen says the woman stood with one hand on his shoulder and he is positive she intended to prevent him from harming Leake. As Leake exclaimed the last words he started toward St. Helen. The latter then elevated the revolver and pulled the trigger. St. Helen said he feared for his life and shot with the deliberate intention of wounding Leake. Leake is a larger man than St. Helen, and the fear which the former had engendered in the heart of the latter, together with the influence of the liquor which the men had been drinking, are directly responsible for the act. Before St. Helen could shoot a second time, the other two men wrested the revolver out of his grasp. St. Helen then ran to the door and into the street. He was on his way to Wellsville when arrested. He says that the accusation which Leake had brought against him was entirely false, and further that although he was sorry he shot Leake, circumstances compelled him to do so.

Although the foregoing is St. Helen's version of the affair, it is also surmised that he at first intended to shoot Lou McKenzie and that Leake jumped in front of her to protect her and was himself shot down.

After shooting Leake, St. Helen started up the West Branch. He was thinly clothed and suffered considerably with the cold. He then cut across the hill to East Bradford and proceeded to Derrick City, riding part of the way on a load of hay. At Derrick City he entered a store and sat down by the stove with the intention of resting and getting warm, and in a few moments sank into a sound slumber. The proprietor of the store, was about to awaken the man, when Lawrence Dana, who had been a member of Company O at the time of the Spanish war in company with St. Helen, recognized the latter. He was aware of the shooting affray and notified the Bradford police, who arrived before the man awoke, arrested him and took him to the city where he was locked up in the city prison.

St. Helen is tall and slender, but with a hard, firm constitution and muscular neck. His hair is light in color, and he formerly wore a moustache, but had it shaved off on Sunday. His parents are dead. He has lived in this city all his life.

Leake is a short, thickset man, full faced, light complexioned. He was formerly a resident of New Jersey, and has been in Bradford a little more than a year. He worked in the Camp Glass works, Smethport, two years ago and lived with a woman, whom he introduced as his wife. He is quite well known here and appeared to be popular among his fellow workmen.

McClellan and McKnight, who were present at the time of the shooting, refuse absolutely to say anything about the matter. Together with several other witnesses they will be allowed their liberty as there appears to be no danger of them leaving Bradford.

The foregoing account is gleaned from several Bradford newspapers and covers all the main details of the affair.

Tour to California.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on February 16, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor, smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment and observation cars, returning by March 21. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party.

Round-trip tickets covering all necessary expenses, $375 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburg, from which point the rate will be $370.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Ave. New York; Hugh Hasson, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; B. M. Newbold, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa., or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Florida.

The second Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train February 14. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50.00; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54.00; Elmira, $51.45; Erie, $55.85; Williamport, $50.00; Wilkesbarre, $50.35, and at proportionate rates from other points.

A similar tour will be run February 28th.

For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Over Nineteen Hours Saved

To Mexico City. Double daily through Pullman car service from St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route, Texas & Pacific Ry., International & Great Northern R. R., and National R. R. of Mexico. The most scenic route to the Capital of Old Mexico. For rates and descriptive pamphlet address Jno. R. James, C. P. A., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 33x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

A Legal Tender Valentine

By WILLIS B. HAWKINS

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EDGAR WINSLOW, a stranger to most of the club diners, had been introduced by his friend, the toastmaster, as "some coming novelist" and had responded brilliantly to a trite sentiment. His was beyond comparison, the speech of the even and nobody applauded it more enthusiastically than Mr. Barton, the banker. Later in the evening Mr. Barton sought an introduction and led Edgar to the reading room where he delight lavished all to himself.

Winslow, perhaps by more wine than it was his custom to drink and tempted by the great banker's flattering interest, told much of his personal history and more of his ambition. He had really accomplished little as yet, he said—some short stories and a few verses in the magazines were the sum of his achievement, but he had long cherished the ambition of writing a novel which, when written, would be logical. It was phenomenally impressive the way he modestly refrained from saying what he hoped.

Mr. Barton was more than ever under the spell of the young man's delightful enthusiasm and the wine. Why was the great novel unwritten? The banker had his suspicions. He asked shrewd questions, adroitly invited confidences and at last convinced himself. Then, having fixed a date when Edgar should dine with him and his family, he retired, left the interesting guest to join the general company.

An hour or so later the banker, hat in hand, bade Winslow good night, handing him a sealed envelope with the request that he look over his manuscript, which he reached home.

In his little hall bedroom late that night Edgar opened the envelope and found $500 in company accompanied by a friendly note which begged a thousand pardons, protested that the pattry loan was made in the interest of literature, expressed the hope that it would enable the author to write the great novel at once and assured him that Mr. Barton was his ardent admirer—Mr. Barton said it might have added, to some extent the wine.

To the credit of his good sense be it said, Edgar did not deceive himself in the matter. If he felt a touch of mortification it was because he had invited this aid by talking too freely of his private affairs. But the question was, could he afford in the circumstances to accept the loan? He was shamefully in arrears to his kindly old landlady and knew that she needed money. There were other debts, too—a few small amounts advanced by friends who could ill afford such generosity. And then the chance to write the novel! He ended the controversy in his mind by resolving to send a promissory note to Mr. Barton, due on the 15th of the following February.

This seemed businesslike and, as he figured it, would give him time to write and dispose of the novel, for hope, you know, springs eternal in the literary breast, a fact which, by the way, is a great thing for literature.

Mr. Barton was a little ashamed of himself next morning. To be sure, the $500 was a mere vest pocket amount, but the principle of the thing was the same. He had let his emotions get the better of him in a matter of money, and that was not business. Moreover,

WINSLOW AT THE BANKER'S HOME.

he had invited an impecunious young fellow to dine at his house, and there was no telling to what annoyances that indiscretion might lead.

If the banker was a bit cool in his welcome when Edgar came to the dinner the young man did not notice it. His attention was too much absorbed by the striking beauty of the daughter who stood beside her father. The meeting of their eyes was like the touch of two electrified wires. In that instant a spark was struck which time was to fan into raging flame. Mrs. Barton, too, soon yielded to the spell of Edgar's winsome ways and, despite the mild cautionings of her husband, opened the door of her home to the charming young author.

As usual in such cases, the head of the house was the foot of the class in point of knowledge as to what was going on. It was only when Mr. Barton's consent was asked as a sort of formal ratification that he learned how far matters had progressed. Then he put his foot down. Young Winslow was well enough in a way—a very pleasant fellow, in fact, for once in awhile—but—oh, well, he was not to be considered in any other light.

But he was considered, and amid copious tears at that.

"Why, my child," the banker said, softening under his daughter's grief, "he hasn't a dollar to his name. He can't even manage for one, to say nothing of two." He is living at this moment on borrowed capital, with no reasonable hope of being able to pay it back."

"Oh, yes, he has," Alvira answered confidently. "I know all about that $500, and you were a dear, good papa to let him have it. He'll pay it back, you'll see, and with good interest. Just wait till his novel comes out. Oh, papa, if you only knew how grateful he is to you!"

"Grateful or ungrateful, my dear," said Mr. Barton, "I don't believe he will ever pay it. How many of the novels written ever see daylight? Not one in a thousand. And of those that are published not one in a hundred yields anything for the author."

"But Edgar is different," his daughter persisted. "I am sure it will succeed. Oh, I wish you could read it. You would say so, too."

She recited her father with portions of it that she had learned by heart, literally by heart. And her beautiful trust in the conquering power of the man she loved warmed Mr. Barton even more than the wine at the club dinner had done. To avoid being led to do something sentimentally foolish again he went away to think alone. And the wise result of his meditations was that he must convince his daughter rather than rule her against her convictions.

Winslow's note would be due in less than a month, and the banker knew enough of the situation to believe that it would not be paid at maturity. If it were not, then Alvira herself might see the matter in a more reasonable light. At any rate, she would be likely to accept the compromise of postponement. And there was hope in even that.

It was St. Valentine's day, but Edgar Winslow, dawdling in the morning by his hall bedroom window, was thinking of something more important than paper hearts. For weeks he had waited in painful anxiety for the verdict of the publisher to whom he had submitted his novel. Day after day he had watched the postman come and go, bringing nothing for him. On the 10th of February he had written an urgent letter to the publisher begging him to render his decision before the 15th, for, thought he, with the book accepted I can raise money on my prospects, and Mr. Barton must be promptly paid." Now it was the 14th, and still no answer had come.

A trilling whistle sounded somewhere up the street. Edgar raised his sash and leaned out at the window. Yes, the postman was coming his way. Would he pass? No; he turned in and rang the basement bell. The young author closed the window and listened to the head of the stairs. The housemaid was coming up. How slowly she plodded! Winslow ran down to meet her, calling over the banister, "Anything for me, Mary?"

"Yes, Mr. Winslow, you an' me is the only ones that's got valentines, I guess. Look!" She had taken a gaudy "comic" from the envelope addressed to herself and was studying the verse beneath the hideous picture.

Edgar, all impatience, took the two letters addressed to him and, with a kindly word to Mary, sprang joyously up the stairs and shut himself in his room. With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope bearing the publisher's return card. The letter was short and to the point. The manuscript, the publisher regretted to say, was "not available." It would be returned by express that day.

For a long time Edgar stood looking vacantly out at the deserted street, with its deep drifts of snow, from which fitful gusts of wind swept up thin white clouds and hurled them hissing here and there. But the desolation in his breast was bleaker than that of the scene outside. He had done his best and failed. That was the deadening thought. He had put his very soul into this story—yes, and more; he had put somewhat of Alviva's beautiful soul into it, for ever since he had known her she had been not only his inspiration, but also the unconscious model of all that was lovely in his feminine creations. True, the limitations of language had confined him to the merest suggestion of those finer feelings to which he thrilled as he wrote, but he had done his best, and under the most favorable conditions possible. If this story was not worthy of publication he could not hope ever to write one that would be.

And Alviva! Was it farewell to her also? From the depths of his despair he tried to look the situation honestly in the face. Must she not now lose her confidence in his power to win the world, that simple, joyous confidence which had encouraged him sometimes to feel such boundless power within himself? Must she not now take him from the lofty pedestal on which her love had placed him? If so, then his life was not worth living, since its one great purpose for months had been to acquire, indeed, that nobleness of character which she in her sweet, unquestioning faith had ascribed to him.

In that hour of overwhelming distress he had forgotten the other letter. Now, however, he began tearing it open listlessly. Nothing, he thought, that anybody might have to say to him in a typewritten communication could be of the slightest interest now. Yet in the next moment he stood with a $500 bill in one hand, a plain leaf of paper bearing two typewritten lines in the other and a multitude of struggling emotions in his breast. Through a gathering mist in his eyes he read the two lines:

A friend who is not expert at rhyme
Begs you to accept this valentine.

To his mind there was something pathetic in the wretched lack of rhyme and rhythm, for it indicated to him only an innocent attempt of one unpracticed in the ways of deceit to conceal her identity. "God bless her!" he murmured fervently, kissing the paper. "She shall never know how pitifully her little subterfuge has failed."

He spent the rest of the forenoon writing a long letter to Alviva. This was easier than to confess himself a failure to her face. He told her that some kind anonymous friend had sent money enough to enable him to pay his debt to her father, but that he must now cast about for employment. As for literature, that sweet dream was over.

Early next morning a messenger brought a hastily written note in which Alviva told him to be sure to call that evening and bring his manuscript. "Papa wants to hear it," she said.

When Edgar paid his debt at the bank that day Mr. Barton added his

"MY GOODNESS!" HE EXCLAIMED.

testimony to his daughter's, saying: "Come to dinner. Then we can get at the reading earlier."

In the library that evening the banker, with a good cigar between his teeth, leaned back in his great morocco chair and put his arm about Alviva, who sat on a hassock close beside him.

As Edgar, reading deeper and deeper into his story, began to feel the pleasure he had known in writing it his embarrassment departed, and his voice became rich with that melodious quality which had first attracted Mr. Barton at the club dinner. Then the scenes deepened, the characters brought out the noble thoughts that strode through the tale, were all the more majestic because clothed in the garb of simple, unobtrusive language.

Mr. Barton's cigar had gone out. He leaned forward tensely. He was more than interested; he was fascinated. "By George!" he exclaimed as the reader rounded a climax. "Great! That's great!"

Edgar laid the manuscript aside.

"Go on," said the banker eagerly.

"Please go on, Mr. Winslow," Mrs. Barton added, with equal earnestness.

Alviva's bright eyes danced with the pleasure of pride.

The end of it was that Edgar read until after midnight, then left the manuscript with Mr. Barton, who said he could not go to sleep until he had learned how it all came out.

The next afternoon the banker met the head of the publishing house by telephonic appointment.

"Do you ever read manuscripts yourself?" Mr. Barton asked.

"Not often. Only in very special cases," the publisher answered.

"Well," said the banker, "this is a very special case. I wish you would read this one at once and send a bill to me for your trouble."

In two days the publisher called at the bank. There was no bill, he said. On the contrary, the obligation was on his side, and he should like to make arrangements for bringing out the book at once.

"Do you know that your house rejected this manuscript day before yesterday?"

"Yes. I learned so this morning. The author seemed to be in unreasonable haste, and it was sent back without reading."

A few months later, when Edgar's fortune was assured, the banker listened to his plea and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, answered: "No, sir. You can't have her until you've paid back that five hundred."

"What five hundred?"

"The valentine I sent you."

"You, Mr. Barton?"

"Yes, sir, to be brutally frank about it, I wanted to see whether you were one of those geniuses who don't pay their debts when they have the money. Now, honor bright, Edgar, how much did you have left after you took up that note?"

"About $2."

"And no prospect of any more. Hanged if I think I'd have had the nerve to pay it under those conditions!"

"Nor I, perhaps," said Edgar, "if you had been anybody but Alviva's father."

Their Only Chance.

A party of soldiers was taken to the shooting range for the first time.

The men first fired at a target 500 yards away, and not one hit it. They were next tried at a target 200 yards away, and still every one missed. They were at last tried at one just 100 yards away, but no one hit it.

"Attention!" thundered the drill sergeant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"—Kansas City Independent.

Need Never Reproach Himself.

"What word did her father send after he had found out about your elopement?"

"Oh, he wrote me a very kind letter, saying he was glad we'd taken that course, as it relieved him of the necessity of giving his consent and having it on his mind all the rest of his life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Situation.

Mrs. Knicker—Does your cook know her place? Mrs. Bocker—That's just the trouble; she knows any number of them.—Harper's Bazar.

ORIENTAL PEOPLE.

Grace of the Women and Classic Drapery of the Men.

Passing us occasionally, going to Jerusalem with butter and eggs and little jars of honey that showed their thick, creamy throats as they were held up to us, were small companies of women in single file. As one blue procession would by the leader called to us: "Why should you ride and we walk? Why is your lot better than ours?" Given the opportunity for leisurely argument, we could not by any philosophy have made satisfactory answer. We could only admit the fact as they saw it and recognize the universal world plaint of ill-content.

They carry themselves, these women, like figures on an antique frieze. As they stride along, holding in sure balance on their heads their jars and baskets of homely produce, they tread the stony paths with the grace and largeness of action that we of the occident have grown to regard as belonging only in the age of Praxiteles.

The same race is admirable in the supply of their gestures, the dignities of their attitudes, the swing of their draperies. I saw a youth sling his cape over his shoulder and fold it about him exactly in the manner of the old Greek sculptural in his finely unconscious pose. Gad-sides the day when these sons of Canaan clothe their limbs in our ungainly garments.—Metropolitan Magazine.

NOBILITY OF TREES.

A Tribute to the Majesty of the Stately Oak.

Proudly in my path stood an ancient swamp white oak, its greatest limb, I think, that I have ever seen. It was not the highest nor the largest round log, trees, but individuality spiritually the noblest. Honor, glory and to spare flushed his large hair sacred and protected with the centuries, and in this green and grizzled top all the winds of heaven had some time come.

One could worship in the presence of such a tree as easily as in the shadow of a vast cathedral. Indeed, what is there built with hands that has the dignity, the majesty of life? And what the less here? Life whose beginnings I can far back trail through the ages to the years that have covered their final building with the majestic form.

Looking down upon him from rather his height loomed a stalwart young scion, holed for thirty feet and in the top all green and gold with blossoms. It was a resplendent thing beside the silver-yet how unmistakably the gnarled old monarch wore the crown! His girth more than balanced the poplar's great height, and, as for blossoms, nature knows the beauty of strength and inward majesty and has pinned no boutonnière upon the oak.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Magazine.

CAUGHT BY THE CRY.

The Way an Australian Bandit Was Trapped in London.

"Coo-e-e" is the curious cry that was one of the signals of the native blacks of Australia. The cry was speedily adopted by the invading whites. The final "e" is a very high note, a sort of prolonged screech that resounds for long distances through the bush and thus enables separated persons to ascertain their relative positions. On one notable occasion this peculiar cry was heard in London. A daring bushranger made his appearance one morning in front of a bank in Ballarat and coolly posted a notice on the door to the effect that the place would be closed for an hour.

Entering, he terrorized the officials with his revolver and got clear away with $30,000. Some time afterward the authorities received information that the man had been seen in London. One day a detective thought he espied his man in the Strand; but, not being quite sure, he hit upon an expedient. He uttered a piercing "Coo-e-e."

Passersby stood fixed in astonishment, but the Australian, acting on the spur of the moment and recognizing the familiar sound, hastened to the person who uttered it. He was promptly arrested and was taken back to Australia.—Chicago News.

POWER OF PURPOSE.

Conceive Your Ambition Clearly and Follow It Courageously.

We all can measure the outward triumph of a man's life, but we rarely measure the forces out of which the triumph sprang. Men suddenly emerge into the blaze of fame, and then the world wakes up and wonders how it has all happened. There is no such thing as luck in any world over which God presides. What, then, is the secret? It is purpose. The great victories which men praise are always won first of all in a man's own soul. The great men who stamp themselves indelibly on the ages are always the men who are capable of conceiving a purpose clearly and of following it courageously through evil and good report. You may sweep aside as relatively trivial all questions of the range of their gifts, the scope of their intellectual life. The great thing which you have to reckon with is the immense strength and heroic persistency of their purpose.—W. J. Dawson.

Taste and Touch.

Touch, Dr. Andrew Wilson has reminded us, is probably the oldest of our senses. It is also, we may add, the most active where taste has always been assumed to be paramount—at the dinner table. It is a fact overlooked that we like what we like less because we taste it than because we feel it. What is there wonderful in the taste of your perfect, your ripe potato? Nothing or little. But, ah, the feeling! What have the resistance of bread, the sudden coolness of butter, the tenderness of asparagus, the crispness of biscuit, to do with taste? Something almost negligible.—London Chronicle.

Sympathy.

"Have you congratulated our hostess on her birthday?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "I have condoled with her."—Washington Star.

QUEER JAPAN.

A Land Where Laughter Has No Relation to Pleasure.

In "More Queer Things About Japan" Douglas Sladen says: "Perhaps one of the severest of etiquettes in Japan is that of smiling. When you have lived in Japan for some years you will learn in time that when you can understand a Japanese smile you may long have understood the people. A clergyman's new maid, always present at family prayers, smiled when he uttered a dismal sigh. But the news of a death must be met with laughter. Even this is modified for very special occasions, and has no relation to joy. Smiles are used on every occasion to conceal real feeling. They are not always abandoned, or placable.

"No wants has the Japanese." the same writer continues. "He can live in his clothes without a tub, he can live on rice or fish of the sea, and he is so accustomed to carrying heavy weights and running long distances that he can be his own coal-scuttle and groom and horse."

If the Japanese are sometimes lax, as regards their religion, they are at the same time devoutly charitable. The writer says, after considering it a virtue which all Japanese servants possess. "It is a common thing for a family servant to abandon the real interests of his home and go to bathe more than three times that day."

SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

The Case of Huggins, Who Wished She Were Dead.

The number of domestic servants employed in England is very large. There are, indeed, few households of any pretensions to gentility which do not keep at least one maid of all work, and many have a considerable staff. Even in the humblest homes, where the wife has to do her own housework, she usually has a charwoman to help her. Many of these women are married, and do not live in the houses where they work, but others are widows or spinsters who have no home of their own. Some of them are very old, and have been in the same service for many years. I remember a dresser in the dark days of the Transvaal war who had been with the same family for forty years, and who, when her mistress died, refused to leave the house, remaining there as housekeeper to the widower. She used to wipe her eyes scornfully, and as she was not proud I showed her some sympathy.

"They don't mind me, downstairs, like you do, ma'am," she sobbed, "though I'm doing my best. Cook says she won't wipe up the dishes for the like of me."

"Never mind, Muggins. You'll be going soon, and, after all, you have learned a good deal here," I consoled her.

"I wish," said Muggins, "I was dead."—Mrs. John Lane in Harper's Bazar.

The Benefits of Sugar.

A correspondent remarks that sugar has modified the history of Europe and of the world in more ways than one. Used in England four centuries ago almost exclusively in the preparation of medicines and long afterward an article of luxury only accessible to the rich, it has by enlarged production and cheapened manufacture been brought within the reach of all. The universal use of this practically pure carbohydrate, which is not only a freely burning fuel and proteid sparer, but a muscle food; increasing the power of doing work and lessening fatigue, must have had widespread and beneficial effects on the national health. Especially in the case of children, whose greed of sugar is the expression of a physiological want, has that food been valuable in conducing to growth, contentment and well being.—St. James' Gazette.

A Record Breaker.

Among the army of London carriage drivers is an Irishman noted for his native wit. It stood him in poor stead one day, however. Pat was engaged by a gentleman to drive to a hydropathic establishment.

On arrival at the gate the fare inquired, "What's your fare, driver?"

"Well, sir," said Pat, "the manest jintleman I ever drove here gave me 2 shillings."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the gentleman, who was a bit of a wag. "Well, here's a shilling for you, my man. I like the idea of breaking records."—London Globe.

To Prevent Rust.

A good mixture for use as a slush to prevent the rusting of machinery is made by dissolving an ounce of camphor in a pound of melted lard; skim off the impurities and add enough black lead to give the mixture an iron color. After cleaning the machinery carefully smear on the mixture. It can be left indefinitely, or if wiped off after twenty-four hours will prevent rust for some time. When removed, the metal should be polished with a soft cloth.—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

Brotherly Love.

Two brothers were fined at the Stratford police court for fighting in the street. "He struck me, and I hit him," pleaded one brother. "But it was quite friendly, sir," he hastened to add. "He is my brother, and I haven't seen him for a long time."—London Mail.

Posterity's Revenge.

Foreign Visitor (in the year 2050)—You don't seem to have any family trees in this country. Native American—No; our ancestors destroyed the last of our forests more than a hundred years ago.—Exchange.

Ties and Time.

She—What is the difference between a made up tie and one you tie yourself? He—Oh, about half an hour.—Cassell's Journal.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"More Than Words Praise."
CUBES—Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

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A surgical operation is no longer necessary for the removal of Stone and Gravel from the Kidneys and Bladder, since the new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, discovered by the well-known physician and surgeon, Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., quickly dissolves and swiftly expels Stone, Red and White Gravel, thus freeing the patient of the inflammation and pain caused by the presence of these lime formations. Cal-cura Solvent prevents the formation of Stone and Gravel and all uric acid conditions of the blood. The medical profession has heartily endorsed Cal-cura Solvent. All druggists, $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00.

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in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
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Somewhere in the world life is at stake every minute of the day. Right at our own doors, perhaps, is going on a struggle as grim and fierce as any fight or flight on record. You hear the hollow tearing cough; see the ooze of blood which tells of the wounded lungs; mark the emaciated body and hectic cheek, and know a life is at stake.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved many a life in just such a crisis. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, stops the hemorrhage, strengthens "weak" lungs, and restores the emaciated body to its normal weight and strength.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"I desire to send you this brief unsolicited testimonial," writes Rev. Joseph H. Peacock, of Harlansburg, Lawrence Co., Pa., "that one of my daughters was suffering on account of a severe cough, bordering on hemorrhage, and other symptoms of diseased lungs. I promptly gave her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with gratifying success, and she now enjoys excellent health. This experience caused me to recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my neighbors, who, without exception, used them with favorable results."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*, or if cloth bound volume is desired send 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be UP TO DATE buy your

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Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Wake and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in any line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—E. W. Strong has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman is advertising a special bargain sale in her space this week.

—A new A. B. Chase piano has been purchased by J. S. McCarty of Agent A. Burdick.

—New white goods and new colored wash goods are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—It is reported that prominent circus men have decided to use more newspaper and less billboard advertising next season.

—New spring goods are advertised in the space of D. C. Young this week. His stock is always first-class and the prices right.

—J. M. Fisher of Bradford, who has played ball around here for a number of years, has been appointed a physical instructor at Yale college.

—This is the difference between men and women: A woman will side with her children against their stepfather and man will side with his second wife against his children.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Fry & Comes intend opening a branch store at Hazelhurst about the fifteenth of this month, with W. B. Fry in charge. A complete and up-to-date line of dry goods, furnishings, etc., will be in stock and this enterprising firm will no doubt be successful in their new undertaking.

—Charles Connecly, formerly of Bradford, now of Lima, Ohio, who is quite well known in Smethport, was married Monday to Miss Margaret Lavey of Lima. Mr. and Mrs. Connecly will reside in that city where the groom occupies a responsible position with the Buckeye Pipe Line Co.

—On Sunday last at Shingle House 30 rosebushers were holding a meeting in the Odd Fellows' hall. After a short time one of those in attendance arose and started toward the door. He fell to the floor unconscious. A second man also started to leave the place. He also fell, then all who were in the hall began to fall ill and nine of them lost consciousness. The men had been overcome by natural gas and they narrowly escaped death. Some of them are still under physicians' care.—Bradford Era.

—A total eclipse of the sun is scheduled for August 30, visible in Europe and the eastern portion of America. In this section the eclipse will begin at 5:38 a. m. and end at 7:31 a. m. There will also be a partial eclipse of the moon on August 14 or 15.

—An effort is being made for the formation of a baseball league to include Olean, Warren, Elmira, Hornellsville, Corning, Erie, Meadville, Jamestown and Bradford. It is expected that a meeting will soon be held in Bradford at which time the project will be definitely decided upon.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church to accept a unanimous and enthusiastic call to the First Baptist church of Kittanning, Pa. The Kittanning church is a very prosperous body and their future outlook is very bright. Mr. Calvin will close his labors in Smethport the last Sunday in this month.

—Orris Farley was shot and killed in a sporting resort at Ridgway early Saturday morning and Edna Farley, who claims to be his wife, and Alice King and Florence Miller, inmates of the house, are in jail pending an investigation. The two latter named women were arrested in Bradford Saturday on a B., R. & P. train en route to Buffalo.

—The many friends of Miss Almeda Tarrabee in this vicinity will be interested to learn that she was recently married to Chas. L. Cassingham of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Cassingham will fulfill her contract with the young ladies' educational establishment in Boston which expires June 1, and after an extended vacation Mr. and Mrs. Cassingham will reside in Cleveland, Ohio.

—As funny a pair of comedians as tread the boards are Frank Deshon, the Billy van Million, and Jim McClure, the Artie tre Billion, of Nixon & Zimmerman's "Miss Bob White" Opera Company, which will be seen here very soon. The former is a mite of a mortal, the other a scissors like affair, over six feet in growth. Both of these comedians will remain with "Miss Bob White" during its tour next season, and will accompany the Spencer opera to London in May, 1906. "Miss Bob White" is one of the few American vehicles selected by George Edwardes for a London production during his recent American visit. At the Lyceum theatre, February 27.

—The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Marketing In Paris.

Almost every woman in France does her own marketing, and ladies full their maid or dog along to carry home their purchases.

I am speaking of the average household. Rich or very elite people leave the marketing to the cook, who deals in stores which have regular delivries, while in very wealthy households that all-important personage the chef would not hear of any one interfering with his prerogative of selecting and ordering everything, and this ablest creator of sauces, of things savory, steaming or jellied, may even have his own coupe to take him to the Halles, the huge market that each day provides the provisions for all of Paris and its suburbs.

Somehow I love to go to market, for it is a occasion with almost every storekeeper to give them a cent on every *franc spent, so you will find it next* an impossibility to make your order short, where she does not receive her sou du franc, and in changing a servant many will ask you, "Does madame do her own marketing?" Good. Horse keeping.

Milk and Apples.

Though no one would think so from looking at a fluid glass of milk and a solid apple, the percentage of solid and water in apples and in milk is almost the same, apples being 85 per cent water and milk 87 per cent.

There is more sugar in apples and more acid in milk. A diet of both apples and milk is one of the most wholesome and well balanced. The potash contents of both are high. They are the best for brain, bone and muscle nourishment, and in their effect upon the nerves they are soothing.

In skimming milk the cream removes the fat percentage, and for older people or fat children the skim milk is equally desirable, in some cases better. In eating apples the skin, too, should be eaten. Pared apples are not so nutritious, as the rich contents of the apple skin are valuable to the human system.

Odd Animal Laws.

When a dog was unlawfully killed in Lombardy, differing so widely as Germany and Arabia, the owner of the animal used to be indemnified in the following manner. The dog was hung by the tail, with the point of its nose touching the ground, and the man who had committed the offense was obliged to jump over it again and again until his entire body was completely hidden by the beast. This jump then became the property of the man who owned the dog.

In Syria there was a specially curious variation, for if a man killed a stray dog that was killed the flesh was minced and given to its fellows. Needless to say, from the value attached in the east to old parts to street dogs are scavengers. By the old Welsh laws, if slowed the damages for killing an animal belonging to another were assessed in the same odd manner.

Two Kinds of Reading.

If we make the pages of our books merely a sort of pleasant maze in which to let our minds to wandering during idle hours we in reading shall have acquired a pastime that is usually harmless. But there is a vast difference between such a way of spending our time and the reading that teaches us to think as the greatest and wisest men and women have thought. Words stand in our minds for certain ideas or images. From what we read we learn to make those plain or hazy, clearly drawn pictures or carelessly executed sketches, and thus our powers of thinking are directly trained by our method of reading.—St. Nicholas.

Magnet Power.

The lifting of massive iron and steel plates weighing four, six and twelve tons by magnetism is now done every workday in a number of large steel works. The magnets are suspended by chains from cranes and pick up the plates by simple contact and without the loss of time consequent to the adjustment of chain and hooks in the older method. It is also found that the metal plates can be lifted by the magnets while still so hot that it would be impossible for the men to handle them. A magnet weighing 300 pounds will lift nearly five tons.

Position In Sleep.

According to Dr. Fischer of Berlin, the most effective position of sleep for obtaining intellectual rest is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Failing this, the body should at any rate be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with head low and feet high is, according to the doctor, a remedy for brain troubles and some internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

Ill Luck Averted.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spenders by way of preliminary, "would you consider an opal unlucky?"

"I would if I got a bill for one and had to pay it," began her husband sternly.

"Oh," she interrupted, "I'm so glad I ordered a diamond instead!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sarcastic.

Cholly—D'you know, I'm sometimes inclined to think— Clara (encouragingly)—Why don't you do it, Cholly? It's not such a difficult thing if you really try.

Limit to Rights.

Even the free citizen of a free country may not have in all cases the right to do what he pleases with his own property.—Galveston News.

Not So Enjoyable.

Friend—Your wedding breakfast was a delightful affair, Mr. Honeymoon (with a sigh)—Yes, but we've had others since.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Maddening Potted Phrases."

We have protested against the "tireless even dress" of the harried decorative writer, since evening dress is only made attire that excites the liability of error. But a long list could be made of the phrases aimed to stale—which all writers use who write like enterprising and hurried builders building with ready-made doors and window panes. For example, one here reads an account of a railway accident from the lips of the "badly shaken passenger without finding that "all went well until"—the thing happened. But perhaps the most maddening of these potted phrases is "the rash act." You will read how Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown sat down and wrote several long letters to his relatives, how he had with great care arranged his affairs, how with the utmost deliberation he purchased poison, a revolver, a new razor and a ball of twine; how he sent his family away for a holiday, went to his room and conscientiously poisoned, strangled, shot and shot himself. "No reason," runs the inevitable comment, "be assigned for the rash act," which was as deliberate as the movement of the Rhone glacier.—London Chronicle.

Turkish Attar of Roses.

Turkish otto of roses is mainly produced in Bulgaria and is carried on in the fertile valleys on the southern slopes of the Balkans. The rose harvest in Bulgaria begins about the third week in May and lasts about a month. The second great seat of rose farming in Europe is the space between the Mauritius Alps and the Mediterranean, in the extreme southeast of France. This is, in fact, the great scent farming and perfumery making center of Europe, the town of Grasse being the employing of the district. Of course attar of roses is also produced in India, Persia and Asiatic Turkey under the climatic conditions desired, but the great bulk of the supply is furnished by the European regions already noted. The roses employed for attar making in Europe are in Bulgaria the red damask rose and in the south of France the Provence rose, a hybrid or variety of the hundred-leaf rose, to which also belongs the well known cabbage rose.

A Dream With a Morale.

A poor lady dreamed that she went to Heaven and there saw a mansion being built. "Whose is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the driest cottage on earth with barely room for his family. He might have better if he did not give away so much to the miserably poor folks."

Farther on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And whose is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.—Chicago Post.

The Englishman's Morning Tub.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century English princes and other babies were immersed three times in the font when christened. The last Prince of Wales who was submitted to this ordeal appears to have been Arthur, the son of Henry II., who died in 1502 at the age of sixteen. The abolition of the practice was strongly objected to upon sanitary grounds by Sir John Floyer, a celebrated physician who died in 1734. "Immersion," he says, "would prevent many hereditary diseases," and "the English will return to it when physic has given them a clear proof that cold baths are both safe and useful." So our morning tub is the outcome of royal immersion.—London Mail.

Freshness of Youth.

He was a respectable looking man, and, judging from his appearance, he was a butcher by trade, and this belief was verified a few minutes later. He carried a white apron under his arm, and as he entered a car a huge cleaver dropped from the bundle to the floor. A youth who had not reached the age of discretion sank out merrily, "Say, mister, you dropped your pocket-knife." The passengers laughed, but they could not help but think that the youth took a long chance on kidding a man with a cleaver.—Albany Journal.

A Cruel Insinuation.

Mrs. Enpeck—I notice here in the paper that a young girl in New York confesses that she has been in the burglary business for a long time. Enpeck (recklessly)—No doubt she inherited the tendency from a mother who was in the habit of making nightly journeys through her husband's pockets.—Baltimore American.

Not Taking Chances.

Office Boy—Lady to see you, sir, Editor—Is she good looking? Boy—Yes, sir. Editor (returning)—Nice judge of beauty you'll make! Boy (in outer office to other boy)—Not takin' any chances. Thought she might be his wife.—Kansas City Independent.

Her Laudable Desire.

"Ah," said the earl, "I am afraid you are marrying me merely for my title?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the heiress. "It's merely because I want to see that dear old castle of yours repaired before it is an utter ruin."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Look Before You Shoot.

The true sportsman may be defined as one who looks before he shoots.—Amateur Sportsman.

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars nor its great scholars great men.—Holmes.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Muscles In Tension.

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much, where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The writer who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in the legs.

The bricklayer is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier, after a march, is especially tired in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The gymnast who is in perfect training after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and biceps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

A Substitute for a Rarebit.

A bachelor whose skill at getting up dainty supper dishes assures him plenty of company in the evenings is always looking for a substitute for the Welsh rabbit that is free from nightmare. He covers lightly cooked bread with finely grated cheese and instead of slipping it in the oven places it beneath the flame of the gas broiler until the cheese has been toasted a light brown.

If a soft cream cheese is used there is not the slightest suggestion of sogginess or greasiness, and even those to whom rabbit means a night of troubled dreams may indulge in this with no fear of evil consequences.

The trick lies in the grating of the cheese. Broken into bits, it would melt into a pasty mass. Finely divided, each particle should be individually toasted before it has a chance to melt down, and by that state it is readily assimilated.—New York Press.

The Choice of a Wife.

A German professor selects a woman who can precisely stew prunes, not because stewed prunes and repellent Pericles make a delightful harmony, but because he wants his prunes stewed for him and chooses to read Pericles by himself. A fullness of sympathy, a sharing of life one with another, is scarcely ever looked for except in a narrow, conventional sense. Men like to come home and find a blazing fire and a smiling face and an hour of relaxation. Their serious thoughts and earnest aims in life they keep on one side. And this is the carrying out of love and marriage almost everywhere in the world, and this the degrading of women by both.—From One of Mrs. Browning's Letters, 1846.

The Key

To all success is knowledge. That's why we are the most successful plumbers in the city. We have a correct knowledge of the trade.

Plumbing

is, we do it is easy because we know how. So the most difficult job doesn't scare us. The only part of the business we don't know is making out big bills. And we are too old to learn now.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Wickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

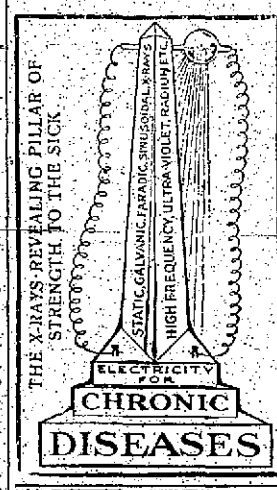
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists


THE X-RAYS REVEALING PILLAR OF STRENGTH TO THE SICK.
STATIC, GALVANIC, FARADIC, SINUSOIDAL, X-RAYS, HIGH FREQUENCY, ULTRA-VIOLET, RADIUM, ETC.
ELECTRICITY FOR
CHRONIC
DISEASES

J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

BURT McALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothinotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries. SAMUEL E. [illegible].

Smethport, Jan. 23, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Feb. 7, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries. JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries. GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries. GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Feb. 1, 1905.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

THE State Senate has passed a bill appropriating $16,000 to cover the expenses of the participation of a provisional brigade of State militia at the inauguration of President Roosevelt. It is reported that Company C of Bradford is one of the companies selected.

THE importance of electing good men to fill the borough offices should not be overlooked. Politics, usually, do not count for much at a local election, as everyone seems to support his friends regardless of party; however, the Republican ticket this year is a strong one and deserves the party vote.

THE recent shooting affair in Bradford is another sad example of the combined effects of strong drink and bad company. Verily, the wages of sin is death. There is a pointed moral in that affray that should receive the attention of all young men who stray from the straight and narrow path. But, 'tis a pity, such morals are usually either laughed at or entirely ignored.

BEFORE the end of the present fire there will probably be but one union of window glass workers. It will be known as the reorganized Local Assembly 300, Knights of Labor, according to well founded rumors. One of the most interesting, bitter and expensive labor quarrels in the history of the country is now being brought to a close. It is conservatively estimated that the war cost the window glass workers $500,000.

RUSSIA is beginning to reform. A consultative commission has been appointed for the revision of laws governing the censorship of the press. This is a hopeful sign. A free press would be a great step toward a free people. The government appears to be sincere in this new improvement and other important reforms are contemplated. Warfare operations in Manchuria seem to be almost at a standstill. The weather is very cold and only a few slight skirmishes are reported.

TO-DAY'S issue of the MINER contains the announcement of W. H. Morrison, who will again be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of the General and Quarter Sessions. Mr. Morrison has acceptably filled this office for the past two years and seems eminently fitted for the place. He is an able and courteous official and has many friends throughout the county, who would be pleased to see him succeed himself. He is a loyal Republican and has rendered the party much valuable service. Mr. Morrison's friends are confident that his announcement for the office is equivalent to re-election.

IN an article advocating the election of Presidents by direct vote a contributor to the North American Review truthfully says: This has been suggested often but without arousing the desired interest. The present system is worse than antiquated; it is absurd. The people do not now vote for President and Vice President. They vote for Presidential electors, who may, if they choose, cast their ballots for anybody. There is no law to compel them to vote for the nominees of the national conventions any more than there is law to compel the individual citizen to vote for nobody but those nominees. Every official in a republic should be elected by vote of the people and in no other way. The time will come when this will be done. It is bound to come and the sooner the better.

GUY B. MAYO announces his candidacy for the nomination of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the usages of the Republican party, in this issue. Mr. Mayo was born in Cameron county 32 years ago and is the eldest son of Capt. E. R. Mayo with whom he is associated in the practice of law in this borough. At the age of five years he moved to Eldred with his parents and eleven years later moved to Smethport. He graduated from the Smethport schools, took his freshman year at Hobart College and finished his college course at Bodin College. In December, 1897, he was admitted to the McKean county bar and immediately associated himself with his father. He is an able young attorney and a staunch Republican who would make an excellent District Attorney, and his many friends are confident that he will succeed in his ambitions.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1905.

President Roosevelt, who has among many other freely expressed convictions that of regarding no time like the present for work, may yet decide that an extra session of Congress in the spring for legislating on the railway rate question will be advisable. The general impression has been that an extra session would not be called before the early autumn, but no one realizes more keenly than the President how insistent the country has become in its demand that something should be done, and quickly, in the matter. If the extra session is postponed until fall the result will be more killing of time, and possible postponement of action for another year.

Persons deeply interested in the proposition to authorize the Inter-state Commerce Commission to fix railroad rates view with alarm the delay that is likely to take place before any legislation can be affected. With every week of delay the pressure on Congress from the outside sources increases and the problem of legislation grows correspondingly more complex. The New York Chamber of Commerce, one of the wealthiest and most powerful organizations in the United States has opposed the proposition to enlarge the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates for the railroads and in Iowa the Farmers' Alliance have hanged in effigy Congressman Hepburn because of his attitude on the question. Washington is overrun with the representatives of the various railroads and also the agents of great industrial combines all using the most powerful influence against and for the rate bill. Thus it will be seen that many cooks are helping to make broth, which is likely to be spoiled or burned altogether. Congressmen who keep their ears to the ground, and the most patriotic American cannot deny that there are many such, find themselves greatly confused by the various demands. The President, who has been eager for the Senate to act upon rate legislation at this session has nevertheless acceded to their statement that it would be impossible and he had made his official and personal plans with a view of the extra session in October, but realizing the importance of pushing the matter through at the earliest time it may be that he will sacrifice his personal convenience and decide upon a spring session.

The season of resignations is at hand and the secretaries of the different government departments are in daily receipt of the resignations of men who preserve their heads from the axe by stepping down and out. During the next few weeks there will be a clearing in all the departments and synchronous with the stock taking of merchants will come the inventory of the capable material in the government bureaus. The cleaning up of the Postoffice Department has set an example for all the other branches of the government work and wholesale changes are predicted. The work in the Postoffice Department which has been carried on so actively ever since the death of Postmaster General Payne goes steadily on. Four letter carriers in the Toledo postoffice were dismissed this week for alleged connection with fake mining schemes and thirty others are required to show cause why they should not also be dismissed from the service. This is but an indication of the purification of the department that is going on in all parts of the country and when Mr. Cortelyou returns from Europe and takes charge the process is likely to be accelerated. Mr. Cortelyou, though a young man, has been tried in many capacities and has not been found wanting. The public expects rather an unusual quality of ability in his administration of the Postoffice Department. With the retirement of Mr. Bristow, who was the only person who could have divided credit and authority with Mr. Cortelyou in the department the latter will have a free hand to continue reforms so ably inaugurated by Mr. Bristow. It is not often in any department that there can be found too many able and honest men but it was clear that in Mr. Bristow and Mr. Cortelyou the postoffice was embarrassed with capable reformers. To Mr. Wynne fell the unpleasant task of making Mr. Bristow's place uncomfortable and when Mr. Cortelyou takes charge he will have a clear field.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon, who is under indictment for having received money for services rendered in having a land claim pushed through the department is still in Washington and continues to assert his conviction that he will be entirely cleared when the court meets in April. Senator Mitchell has not appeared in the Senate since he made his dramatic speech on the floor of the Senate and so positively asserted his innocence.

Agricultural interests absorbed the Senate Thursday and for once the farmer was the man of the hour. For almost an entire afternoon the Senate was engaged in a discussion of the policy of distributing ordinary farm and garden seeds from the Agricultural Department through members of Congress. Mr. Lodge and those with him in the debate on the subject stated that the seeds sent out were the common varieties to be bought of dealers everywhere and urged that only rare varieties should be supplied free to the people. He criticized the appropriation of $240,000 for supplying seeds which were of the cheapest and commonest varieties. He characterized the whole scheme as a humbug and added, "Year after year we are appropriating the people's money for the purpose of making gifts to our constituents. It is a pleasant thing to do, we all like to do it but we should not forget that we are making the country pay for it."

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between Henry Wright and Myron Terwilliger was dissolved on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1905, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to them, or either of them, and those due from the same discharged at their late place of business in the borough of Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by Myron Terwilliger.

HENRY WRIGHT,
MYRON TERWILLIGER.

NO GUESSING NECESSARY

Where to go for a BARGAIN in a Suit or an Overcoat. We always sell the best goods at the lowest price possible, but to secure

THE SAME GOODS

at prices as quoted below should cause you to come here to be fitted at once:

$13.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $16.50 to $20.
$11.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $13.50 to $15.
$ 8.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $10.50 to $12.50, and
$7.50 Suits or Overcoats go now for $5.00.

Other goods reduced too.

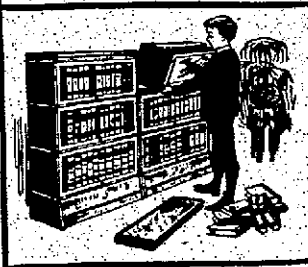
WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE.
Smethport, Pa.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke "ELASTIC" BOOKCASE with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

VALENTINES

The largest and most up-to-date line ever shown in our town. All the late novelties in scenic and mechanical Valentines, also a fine assortment of fancy postal cards suitable for the season. You are sure to find the latest goods here.

MARY L. BISETT, CITY STORE.

SMOKERS

SHOULD TRY

STEBER'S

CIGARS

for a good, sweet, satisfying smoke as they are the highest type of five cent cigar made, and have the ear marks of a ten cent cigar.

Try one and you will become a regular customer. Ask for

DAVIS BRAND

You cannot get them anywhere except of

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport. Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

L. K. Hogarth
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

BIG REDUCTIONS IN HEAVY SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

COME EARLY AND GET FIRST CHOICE.

H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

FEBRUARY

WHITE GOODS SALE!

What woman does not like beautiful fine white goods? We have the finest, in quality, workmanship, and at a saving to you if you buy now. The great popularity of these sales has warranted us in buying a much larger and more beautiful line than in previous seasons. Early selections are always more satisfactory, especially at prices like these.

India Linons 5c to 25c yd. Persian Lawns 25c to 50c yd. Swisses 35c to 50c yd. French Lawns 50c to 75c yd. Dimities 10c to 35c yd. Long Cloths 10c to 25c yd. Nainsooks 15c to 35c yd. Mesalias 30c to 35c yd. New Spring Laces and Embroideries, Cambrics, Handkerchief Linens. Fine Embroidered Swisses, the newest creation for ladies dresses. Kimonas and Dressing Sacques.

GALLAND BROS.' SANITARY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

CORSET COVERS.

10c—Good quality muslin, embroidery or lace trimmed.

25c—Good muslin, hemstitched embroidery on neck and arm holes.

35c—Fine muslin, torcion lace and insertion trimmed.

48c—Cambric, deep lace trimming on neck and arm holes.

50c—Nainsook, wide embroidery trimmed.

59c—Fine Nainsook with handsome wide lace trimmings.

Better Covers up to $3.50 each.

GOWNS.

48c—Muslin gowns, either lace or embroidery trimmed.

59c—Good muslin gowns, embroidery trimmed.

75c—Fine quality muslin gown, trimmed with embroidery.

89c—Beautiful fine muslin gowns, either lace or embroidery trimmed.

98c—Cambric gown with ten tucks in back, round yoke and embroidery trimmed.

$1.19—Fine cambric gowns, with all over embroidery yoke and embroidery trimmed.

$1.25—Nainsook gown, embroidery trimmed or round lace yoke and lace trimmed cambric gown.

Better values up to $3.50 each.

CHEMISE.

88c—A good muslin chemise, embroidery trimmed.

$1.79—Cambric chemise, lace and insertion trimmed.

SKIRTS.

48c—Good muslin skirts, having deep hemstitched flounce with three rows of tucking.

79c—Good muslin skirts, deep flounce trimmed with ten rows of tucking.

98c—Muslin skirts with fifteen inch flounce, lace and insertion trimmed.

$1.00—Fine muslin skirts with fifteen inch flounce, trimmed with good quality lace and three rows of insertion.

$1.19—Cambric skirt with fifteen inch lawn flounce, trimmed with embroidery and four rows tucking.

$1.25—Cambric skirt with eighteen inch lawn flounce, embroidery trimmed.

$1.50—Fine cambric skirt with fourteen inch lawn flounce, trimmed with three rows of wide torcion lace.

$1.69—Very fine cambric skirts with thirteen inch flounce, trimmed with fine wide embroidery.

Better values up to $3.75 each.

DRAWERS.

Misses' hemstitched and tucked muslin drawers, 18c and 25c.

25c—Fine muslin drawers with umbrella hemstitched and tucked ruffle.

48c—Fine muslin drawers with umbrella ruffle, trimmed with embroidery and three rows of tucking.

50c—Good muslin drawers, umbrella ruffle, with two groups of hemstitced tucks.

59c—Cambric or fine muslin drawers, umbrella ruffles, trimmed with embroidery and insertion.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

The "Why" of It

We submit herewith the substantial grounds upon which we base our claim that the

ASBESTOS SAD IRON

is the only perfect article of its class in existence.
It combines the hottest iron with coolest handle.
It saves steps, space on stove, and fuel.
It is the most easily manipulated.
It has an unbreakable handle that locks securely and that perfectly fits the hand.
It—with two irons—readily does the work of three flat irons or four ordinary sad irons.
It will not get out of order and is readily kept clean and bright.
It robs ironing of its drudgery, and makes light and pleasant work of what had hitherto been toil.
It saves time, strength, health, temper—and hence
It brings with its entrance into any family, comfort and satisfaction.

A set of Asbestos Sad Irons consists of 3 cores, with one Asbestos-lined Hood and Handle combined, and an Asbestos Stand which helps to retain the heat in the core when the iron is not in use.

PRICE $1.50.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Valentine day next Tuesday.

—Asbestos sad irons are advertised by Redfield's Hardware in this issue.

—The Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. will be closed on Monday next, Lincoln's birthday.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Walker entertained a party of friends at cards Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McVean were pleasantly surprised by friends at their home on King street Monday evening.

—Miss May Choate entertained a party of friends at cards last Saturday afternoon. Refreshments were served.

—Lost—A hand made handkerchief bearing owner's name. Reward if returned to owner or store of Fry & Comes.

—A ladies' handkerchief was lost between this office and Baptist church or in the church. Reward will be given if returned to MINER office.

—Miss Rae McCarty very pleasantly entertained the members of the Japanese Tea Club at her home on East Main street last Thursday evening.

—Mrs. A. W. Mitchell entertained the Ladies Euchre Club at the Forrest residence on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—A. E. Goodrich, an experienced and capable dry goods man of Bolivar, N. Y., has accepted a position with The Lindholm Co.

—Andrew Springsteel of Hazelhurst and Miss Segna Mellander of Mt. Jewett were married Saturday last at the home of the bride's parents.

—According to the Elk Enterprise there is now no question but that the trolley line between St. Marys and Ridgway will be constructed.

—A great pre-inventory reduction sale is advertised by Prill, the popular Bradford jeweler. At this time purchasers can save money by taking advantage of this sale.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday morning Rev. F. S. Calvin will speak on "Brotherly Love." His evening subject will be "The Child, a Type of the Kingdom."

—Commencing next Sunday St. Elizabeth's congregation will hold services in the Swedish Lutheran church, the services to begin at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 a. m. on alternate Sundays.

—Mr. Rathbone Knox and Miss Lucy Butler, popular young people of Coudersport, were married Tuesday. The many Smethport friends of Mr. and Mrs. Knox extend best wishes.

—Miss Eleanor Kimble recited "Barbara Frietchie" to a fair sized audience at the Baptist church last Saturday evening. She is an excellent reciter and will be here for a return date in the near future.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (6th after the Ephiphany) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the day will be "The Meaning of Worship" and "Using the Light."

—R. W. Hilton has cleared Bank street of surplus snow and is using the same as a speedway on which he is working out his fast horses. This will furnish some good amusement for lovers of this sport and should be encouraged by the people generally.

—*Brindamour, the magician,* entertained a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening and gave good satisfaction, all of his tricks being above the average. Many of the audience were disappointed because there were no specialties as advertised.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus entertained a small party of friends at cards last Saturday evening at their home on King street. Refreshments were served. Miss Mattie Backus won the first prize at progressive euchre and Mrs. F. W. Sweeney the low prize.

—W. O. Neely, secretary of the McKean County Game and Fish Protective Association, has been notified by Hon. J. M. McElroy that the new game bill has been amended in committee to place the beginning of the game season at October 15, instead of November 1, as the bill was originally drafted.

—Members of the Smethport band are are again practicing and it is quite probable will soon make a public appearance. It takes considerable money to keep a band in first class condition, but other towns support a band and under favorable circumstances Smethport should do the some. Encourage the organization every way you can and thus help the town.

—At the meeting of the Smethport Hose company last Friday evening twenty-four new members were taken in. The company intends to open the parlors to the use of members and a large number of periodicals have been ordered. New equipment is to be purchased and the company brought to a higher standard of efficiency. The election of officers for the ensuing year occurs tomorrow evening.

—Constable E. W. Jones went to Kane Monday in quest of a man who was "wanted." He did not find the party of the first part but captured Harry Olson, for whom he had a warrant issued last September. Olson was given a hearing on a charge preferred by a Smethport young woman and was bound over to court by Justice Knapp Monday night. He was unable to furnish the $500 bail and is now in jail.

—February 12th, being Lincoln's birthday, the pastor of the Methodist church will speak next Sunday morning on "Completing the Work of the Great Emancipator." "A Town Without a Woman" is the evening topic. Music by the girl choir and ladies' quartet in the evening. Kipling's Recessional and "A Slave's Complaint" will be sung at at the morning service.

—Mae Phelps, who fell heir to the role in "Miss Bob White" this season, butted into the company comparatively unknown, and has made so good in the part that songs which formerly received but one or two encores, are rendered so beautifully that they now get twice that number. Miss Phelps has signed for next season with her present managers, the Nixon & Zimmerman Opera Company. Lyceum Theatre, Feb. 27.

Personal Mention.

Miss Bessie Blake visited Eldred this week.

S. E. Bell was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited Bradford yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce leave today for Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Ada Marshall departed for her home in Eldred yesterday.

C. A. Burdick was in Bradford for a few days on business this week.

Attorney T. H. Morrison transacted business in Bradford this week.

Miss Rose Ringall of Bolivar, N. Y., visited relatives in town this week.

Perry Smiley of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Geo. W. Mitchell is looking over the political situation in Bradford this week.

Harry Rubin departed Tuesday for Syracuse, N. Y., on a shoe purchasing expedition.

Miss Beulah Holder has returned home from a two weeks' visit in Olean and Port Allegany.

Editor D. A. Dennison of the Bradford Era was in town Tuesday looking over things in general.

C. H. Bassham of Eldred had business in town Thursday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Misses Frances McClure and Margaret Andrews are home from a short visit in Port Allegany and Austin.

Mrs. T. H. Morrison and Miss Lucy Mitchell were guests of Miss Carrie Servatius at Kane Sunday.

Wm. Montheimer and C. A. Burdick have returned from Chicago where they were called as witnesses at the United States court.

S. F. Redfield and C. C. Choate attended the production of the "Mummy and the Humming Bird" at Bradford Tuesday evening.

Mrs. S. D. Ruhlan and son, Paul, of Onoville, N. Y., left for home Saturday, after a week's visit with Mrs. Ruhlan's sister, Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

J. C. Backus was in Bradford Monday for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the equipment of the new Bradford Club's alleys with pin setters. The new club has four alleys.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 4, 1905:

Mrs. Betsy Audrus, Nathan Broughton, W. H. Doyle, Dick Houtaag, Mrs. Emma Haune, Alice V. Kestorton, Miss Alice Olson, Mrs. Julia Pettis, Chas. Pelton 2, Daisey Sawyer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

One good general purpose horse, 10 hundred pounds, good age and sound. One 2nd hand canopy top surrey nearly new. One 2nd hand single harness. One 2nd hand top buggy. One Mulholland spring buckboard, new. One set light bob sleighs, pole or shafts.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 2, 1905.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Ellwood Gaskin announces that he has secured the services of E. H. Davis, an expert barber, formerly of Kane, and the many patrons of the shop will be promptly accommodated. This is Sturdevent's old stand and is now a union shop.

House and Lots for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and barn on the north side of King street; also several very nice building lots within two minutes' walk of the court house.

W. F. SEECUP.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hides and furs.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler
Smethport, Pa.

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

New White Goods

The time for spring sewing is at hand. This store has made more elaborate preparation this year than ever before and now lays before its friends the best assortments and best values it has ever had the good fortune to secure. We have crowded all the value possible into each of the several items and feel safe in promising you at least ten to twenty per cent more in quality than is usually offered.

India Linons, Victoria Lawns, Persian Lawns, French Lawns, Batistes, Mulls, Dimities, Epinglines, Voiles, Voile De Laval, Fancy Piques, Grenadines and many other weaves in mercerized and lace effects.

8c to 50c per yard.

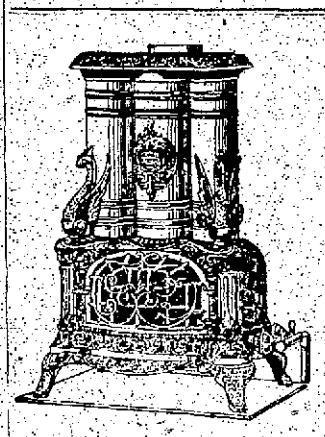
New Colored Wash Goods

In line with the improvement in white goods values and assortments therein colored wash fabrics are much superior to last season's offerings.

Among the weaves that fashion promises great popularity this season are: Spot Mulhuirs, Embroidered, Plain and Knotted Voiles, Crepes, Etamines, Arnold's Taffetas, Broche Novelties, Eolienues, Soisettes, Mohair Lustres.

8c to 50c Per yard.

FRY & COMES



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," but what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Reducing Stock

BEFORE INVENTORY

OUR FEBRUARY SALE IS ON

ALL GOODS REDUCED

GREAT BARGAINS IN DIAMONDS
GREAT BARGAINS IN WATCHES

Buy Now and Save Money

SPECIAL COUNTERS

PRILL

7 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE

From Friday, Feb. 10, to Saturday, Feb. 18, I offer the following goods at special cut prices to make room for spring goods.

50c fancy fleeced skirts to go at 39c.
50c colored knitted skirts at 39c.
$1.25 white fleeced night gowns, fancy embroidery collar at 98c.
Colored flannelette gowns at 42c.
A lot of good corsets at 39c, 59c, 79c.
50c leggings at 25c.
25c wool gloves at 19c.
50c wool gloves at 39c.
Children's 50c colored flannelette dresses 38c.
Boy's heavy flannel waists 39c.
Boys' navy blue sweaters 38c.
A few cloaks and furs left to go at cost. All millinery will be sold at cost.
Special bargain prices on all other goods.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA.

Tim's Tactics

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

Copyright, 1901, by Cecilia A. Loizeaux

It all began when Mr. Jones-Brown brought Tim home one evening and laid the dog in the open arms of his pretty wife. She received him enthusiastically and bought him an elaborate collar. He was a cute dog. Even Mrs. Robinson-Smith, who lived next door and hated dogs, admitted that—that is, she said he wasn't bad for a mongrel. And it must be admitted right here that the dog wasn't of any particular breed; he was just a dog.

He was soon in high favor in the neighborhood, especially with the Robinson-Smiths, who were intimate friends of the Jones-Browns. Both couples were newly married and during the day while their husbands were in the city the young wives cooed, talked and called together.

But to come back to the dog. In time he passed the stage of puppy dreamings and was old enough to know better. Then Mrs. Jones-Brown's sister came to visit her. And during the same week Mrs. Robinson-Smith had a card from her nephew that he was coming down to spend a month with her. He was nearly as old as his aunt, who admitted that he was called a "catch" in town.

The expected guests arrived almost simultaneously. Ethel Herpe with a large trunk and Jack Marvin with oysters battered suit cases. They were duly ensconced with their respective relatives, and then the trouble began. On the second evening Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith trailed their nephew across the lawn to call on their nearest neighbor. The two young people were introduced. Ethel, as Mrs. Jones-Brown afterward said, was unnecessarily embarrassed for a girl who had been three seasons "out."

In the horribly irritating way of young married people the neighborly quarter-hour quickly began to talk of domestic affairs, leaving Jack and Ethel to take care of themselves. They did not notice that there was an awful silence during which Ethel was threatened with mortal hysterics and was saved only by Tim, the thoughtful dog, who opportunely appeared and jumped into her lap. She rushed to talk to him, and the day was saved momentarily. Still petting the dog, Ethel finally said to the man:

"Why did you follow me out here?"

"I didn't follow you," said Jack promptly. "If I had known that you were in this neck of woods you don't suppose I'd have disturbed it, do you?" Then he added, "Why did you come to stay next door to my aunt?"

"How was I to know you had an aunt out here?" Ethel asked indignantly.

"Well," said Jack, "I guess we're both innocent, so we need not quarrel over that."

Then there was another silence. Tim jumped down from Ethel's lap and leaped into Jack's. Jack grinned.

"Nice doggie," he chuckled, petting him effusively. Ethel knew he liked small dogs. She tried to think of something crushing to say, but before the words came Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith rose and said good night, and their dutiful nephew rose with them. He put out his hand, and Ethel was forced to let hers touch it for an instant, while he said:

"So glad I've met you, Miss Herpe. It's awfully jolly that we know so many of the same people."

Ethel smiled, though her eyes were blazing wrathfully.

"Isn't it?" she said. "Good night."

When Mrs. Jones-Brown turned to speak to her sister she found the girl's chair empty and a moment after heard her ascending the stairs.

Late that night Ethel rose, lit the lamp and took from her trunk a package of letters, which she sat down to read. Long before she had finished them she was crying softly, and when she did go to bed again it was to lie wide eyed and staring till nearly morning. She was awakened by Tim, who was licking her hand. She patted his head.

"Naughty Tim! Did the missus let you in?"

Rising on her elbow, she saw that the door was ajar and supposed that her sister had sent the dog to wake her.

Tim seemed full of spirits of puppyhood this morning. He would worry the bedclothes with his teeth, dash wildly across the room to catch some unseen thing and then rush back upon her, frantic with delight.

Ethel lay staring at the ceiling. Her head ached, and she felt utterly miserable. She wondered how she could get away from her sister's house and that man next door. Tim, finding himself unwatched, worried awhile at something he found on the floor beneath the table, then took it in his mouth and ran off with it.

"If he only wasn't so glad," thought the girl, referring to the man, not the dog. "He shows so plainly that he's glad it's off!"

Before she got up she determined to show Jack that he wasn't the only one who didn't care. She would treat him as a stranger, and she would flirt with him, too, and make him sorry. She descended the stairs, explained that her pale face was due to a nervous headache, for which she would try a long walk, and departed in a smart blue skirt and white shirt waist and very pretty slippers.

During this walk it was her intention to map out her campaign, and her thoughts were busy as she strolled along. Finally she climbed a high bank by the roadside, walked along the grassy ledge for awhile and then sat down on the brink of an old stone quarry. She was swinging her small French heels and throwing stones into the blue water far beneath, when somebody behind her whistled a well known strain. She answered before she thought and then started, almost losing her balance, and clutched at the bank to save herself. Her face was hot, and she felt some one strike her from behind, for it had all happened too quickly for her to be frightened. Jack dragged her back and then lifted her to a sitting posture. She scrambled to her feet and faced him.

"What do you mean by sitting on the very edge of a place like that?" Jack questioned angrily. "Suppose the bank crumbled?"

She looked at him, wistfully at first, and then her glance turned wrathful as she saw nothing but amusement in his face.

"I was all right until you came and frightened me."

"I whistled to let you know I was coming and you answered," he retorted.

"I presume your coming to this especial place was purely accidental, like your advent in this town," she remarked sarcastically.

"Not quite," he confessed. "I followed you because I wanted to talk to you. Sit down and cool off."

She replied that this was her first opportunity to make him sorry, and she sat down gracefully, with a contemptuous glance at his feet and searched a pile of stones for a lucky omen. She took off her white duck hat and let the wind ruffle her thick, fair hair. He looked up at her meditatively.

"You have more freckles this year than you had last," he announced.

"Yes," she agreed, "and more sense."

"I imagine your experience has taught you something," he remarked.

She sat mute. This was not teaching him to be sorry.

"Ethel," he asked suddenly, "you burned all my letters, didn't you?"

"Of course I did." But her heart beat tumultuously as she thought of the night before.

"I supposed you had," he said. "I only wanted to make sure." He put his hand absently to the pocket of his blue serge coat. "You see, love letters after three years say mere love are such unsatisfactory things," he explained; "just twaddle."

"Yours were rather twaddly," she admitted, "at least the ones I had. But they're burned."

Again he felt in his pocket. She saw the gesture and misinterpreted it.

"Light it if you like," she said.

"Light it? Ah, yes," said he, drawing the tape from quite another pocket. She watched him fill it, frowning a little at the tobacco pouch, which was one she had given him. He leaned over to strike a match.

"Your hair has certainly much larger than it was last year," she remarked irritably.

"How observing you are!" he drawled. Then he turned, smiling.

"Will you love me when I'm bald?" he sang.

"As much as I do now," she answered meaningly.

"Not as much as you did last night?" he queried.

"Last night?" she echoed, the blood rising to her face. "What are you talking about?" He turned again and took a letter from his coat pocket, holding it up where she could see the address in his writing, "Miss Ethel Herpe."

Her heart beat wildly. The envelope was worn and old looking. He drew out the sheets of thin paper. There were blisters—fresh blisters—upon them.

Ethel sat paralyzed. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and she did not try to wipe them away. Her fingers dug into the grass on either side.

"Poor old letter!" he said pityingly. "How did you escape the flames?" Then he heard a sob from Ethel. He turned. He saw the tears, and mentally he called himself a cad. He had never seen Ethel cry before.

"Ethel," he said, "I'm a brute, but I don't mean to be. I came out here to tell you that I love you better than ever and to own up that I was wrong, and to ask you to take me back to your favor. Ethel," he had her in his arms now, "Ethel, dear, you do love me, don't you?"

"Take it out on Tim, dear, for it was his fault. He brought the letter and dropped it at my feet. And then I knew that you had been doing just what I've done nearly every night for a year, reading over the old letters. Ethel, aren't you glad—a little—that Tim found the letter?"

And Ethel's answer, though muffled, seemed to satisfy him. They went slowly home.

As Good as Her Word.

Old Mr. Makepeace was in a reminiscent mood. "Did I ever tell ye what mother said to me when I got up spunk enough to ask her—in words—if she'd have me?" he began, to the delight of his grandson, Fred.

"No, but something bright, I'll warrant," chuckled Fred, with a glance at the old lady, who calmly regarded them from her rocking chair by the fireplace.

"I can't recall the preliminary remarks," Mr. Makepeace continued, "and, anyway, I think they were a trifle mixed. But finally, after I'd said something about my prospects, to make it business-like, I began to think it strange she didn't say anything, and I was afraid I was getting it all wrong.

"'I'll make ye a good husband, Betty,' I said, hoping that was the right thing.

"'If I should marry you, John,' she said, and it was the first time she had opened her lips, 'I will attend to making a good husband of you.'

"And she has!" laughed old Mr. Makepeace, the corner of his eye on his wife.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE FIERCE BUFFALO

HE IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE KING OF BEASTS.

In Fact, One Adult or African Bull Is Not Afraid to Tackle Two Lions at Once and Has Even Been Known to Kill an Elephant.

The bulls of all the species of the genus bos are savage and dangerous at times. The Romans knew no better sport than to see a powerful bull of the common domestic species toss a dog, unless it was to see him toss a man, and bullfights are still the most loved diversion in all Spanish and Spanish-American countries. The American is not used to be a bull fighter, the only indigenous animal which could whip him being the grizzly bear. But unquestionably the fiercest and most formidable gladiators of this genus are the buffaloes of Asia and Africa.

Experience has taught the lions of Africa discretion, and they never hunt the buffalo singly, but always in pairs or companies. The buffalo is far larger and more powerful than the lion, and one good toss of his long, sharp, powerful horns, which frequently exceed twelve feet from tip to tip, is usually enough to kill the so called "king of beasts." In fact, one buffalo is almost a match for two lions. Once when Sir Samuel W. Baker was hunting in Africa he found the distorted skeleton of a buffalo lying intermixed with the broken bones of a lion. He concluded from appearances that two lions had attacked one buffalo and that the buffalo had killed one of them, but had finally succumbed to the other. Major Vardon and Mr. Oswell once saw a buffalo bull carry on successfully a fight against three lions until he suddenly dropped dead from the effects of a wound which Major Vardon had previously given him.

The Asiatic buffalo is smaller and less muscular than his African cousin, but he has his full share of prowess. He is more than a match for the tiger, which declines to combat unless urged to it by hunger. Even the domestic bull buffalo usually will whip the tiger. The Indian driver of a pair of large buffalo bulls plunges unhesitatingly into the darkest and most tangled forest, where he has the tiger probably will not attack him when thus accompanied, and that even if it should his team would make short work of the ferocious beast with their massive horns. It is said the buffalo sometimes kills even the elephant, its mode of attack being to thrust its horns into the elephant's belly. This may happen sometimes, but can hardly take place often, as the great weight and strength of the elephant make it when enraged a foe which neither the buffalo nor any other animal can withstand. Buffalo fights and fights between buffaloes and tigers are main features in the entertainments of Indian princes.

Most species of wild animals usually get along pretty well among themselves, but fights between buffalo bulls are frequent and deadly. The victor in such contests always ruthlessly pursues the flying vanquished and tries to hook him in the rear. Sir Samuel W. Baker once came upon a pair of old bulls which, while fighting, had got their horns interlocked so they could not get loose. Having a rifle of great effectiveness, he killed them both at one shot.

The buffalo is not only one of the most redoubtable of fighters, but is also the most ruthless and ferocious, whether its antagonist be man or some other animal. "Many animals charge when infuriated," says Sir Samuel W. Baker, "but they can generally be turned by the stunning effect of a rifle shot, even though they may be mortally wounded, but a buffalo is a devil incarnate when it has once decided on the offensive. Nothing will turn it. If not killed it will assuredly destroy its adversary. There is no creature in existence that is so determined to stamp out the life of its opponent. Should it succeed in overthrowing its antagonist it will not only gore the body with its horns, but it will endeavor to tear it to pieces and will stand upon its lifeless form and stamp it with his hoofs until the mutilated remains are disfigured beyond all recognition." It is this ferocity of the buffalo which makes buffalo hunting so exciting and so perilous a sport.

Experienced hunters are always careful not to stand in front of a buffalo which has been felled by a bullet and is apparently dead, for after every sign of life is gone it may spring to its feet and deal destruction in every direction. Baron Harnier, a Prussian, shot a buffalo on the White Nile several years ago. His native servant had just taken a position near the head of the animal, which was apparently dead, when it sprang to its feet and knocked the man headlong. Baron Harnier's rifle being unloaded, he courageously clubbed the weapon and tried to drive the buffalo off. The animal turned furiously upon him and stamped and gored him to death. The missionaries who found his body also found the carcass of the buffalo lying near it, and a little farther away was the body of his servant.

No land animal except possibly the elephant loves water so much as the buffalo. In a wild state it frequents swampy ground, where it wallows in the water and plasters itself with mud. Its coat of mud when hardened in the sun affords it protection from the great gadflies which, especially in Africa, cause it much annoyance. The buffalo does not lose its love of water when domesticated, and its practice of lying down in every stream it comes to even when hitched to a cart gets it many cudgelings and cursings from its Indian drivers.

The buffalo's usual way of affording sport is as the hunted. The Cingalese of Ceylon train it to be a hunter. A favorite game of the Cingalese is to swamp frequenting waterfowl. The waterfowls are accustomed to buffaloes being near and do not fear them. The Cingalese therefore, hiding the buffaloes to browse slowly toward the game while a man with a gun creeps quite covered behind them until he gets within easy shooting distance.

Wild buffaloes are highly gregarious. When a herd containing a number of calves is threatened by lions or tigers the bulls, if there be time, arrange themselves in a circle around the cows and calves, presenting a solid array of horns, and the enemy must be very hungry indeed who will then attack. Herds numbering ten or fifty used often to be met with in Africa. Like other wild animals, they were able to hook their own against savage foes, using only with his bow and arrows and other crude weapons; but, like the lion, the rhinoceros, the elephant and all other large game, they have been rapidly exterminated since Europeans introduced the practice of hunting them with firearms.—Chicago Tribune.

ART OF ENTERTAINING.

Two Dreaded Guests and the Lesson Their Visit Taught.

I once invited two brilliant sisters to come and stay for a few days at our little house in the country, writes John Strange Winter in Black and White. I don't know why I gave the invitation. It was done impulsively and on the spur of the moment. As we walked away from the house my husband said to me, "Why did you ask them?" "I don't know," I said blankly. "I don't know what we shall do with them. I don't know what we have at the other house to amuse brilliant women like these."

They arrived on the day we had fixed. We passed a happy evening, for dinner and coming in round off the first day of a visit very easily, and the following morning when I came downstairs I found the sisters sitting in deck chairs in front of the house. To me they addressed themselves straight. "Now, we just wanted to say something to you," said one of them. "Would you please mind not entertaining us. We don't want to see anyone. You'll row us, we have no doubt, and your boats are delightful. Give us those deck chairs, those lovely cushions, this perfect air, and we want nothing more. It is recreation and pleasure to us to feel that we can let ourselves go and do absolutely nothing. There's an old friend of mother's who is staying at a house three or four miles away, and if you could make it convenient to lend us the pony cart or, not the carriage—we will go over and pay our respects to her, but otherwise, if you want to be kind to us, let us be absolutely idle all the time we are here."

I took them at their word, blessed them with all my heart, and they stayed a fortnight. When they left they declared they had never spent a fortnight to such good purpose, and we had become so fond of their cheerful ness and homelike company that we were loath to part with them even then. But think if I had tried to entertain them—and they had submitted to be entertained and to have every hour parceled out! How dreadful!

Premiums Upon Marriage.

In certain quarters of the world enticing premiums are put upon early marriages. Some years ago the mayor of a southern town in France offered a reward of $20 to every couple under the age of twenty-four who sought the matrimonial altar during his term of office. The major expended many thousands of francs in the manner described. Many years ago, when the number of marriages in a certain Austrian town was far below the average, the municipal authorities publicly announced that all persons who married within a certain period should be exempt from local taxes for the space of five years. An epidemic of marriages set in at once. A well known Austrian nobleman was anxious to encourage matrimony among the peasants on his estate. He undertook to provide each bridegroom with tobacco supplies for life and each bride with four pairs of gloves yearly. The offer acted like a charm.

Remarkable Feats of Strength.

Louis de Bouffiers, who lived in the sixteenth century, could break a bar of iron with his hands. The strongest man could not take from him a ball which he held between his thumb and first finger. While standing up, with no support whatever, four strong soldiers could not move him. He remained as firm as a rock. Sometimes he amused himself by taking on his shoulders his own horse, fully harnessed, and with that heavy load he promenaded the public square, to the great delight of the inhabitants. At about the same time there lived a Spaniard named Pierdo, who could break the strongest handcuffs that could be put around his wrists. He folded his arms on his chest, and ten men pulling in different directions with ropes could not unfold them. Augustus II., elector of Saxony, was a man of great strength. He could carry a man in his open hand.

Corrected.

When Lord Young of the Scottish court of sessions was practicing before that court he appeared on one occasion before Lord Deas, who was accustomed to speak "broad Scotch." The printed "issue" or statement of facts in the case had got very dog eared and dirty from much handling, and Lord Deas, holding it up with a disgusted expression on his face, exclaimed, "Maister Young, dae ca' that an ishaiy?" Young, throwing up his hands in affected horror, replied: "Heaven forbid, my lord! I call it an issue."

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of med cine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Town Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—H. F. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Dutton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Prosser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff, Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Robinson, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts, W. D. Wetmore, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Guthrie, Kane; S. A. Nelson, Bradford; W. C. Welch, Smethport.
County Surveyor—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Chas. Ingham, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—R. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—H. Clark, Geo. R. Gregson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. A. Shute, treas.; Sheridan Gordon, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Alexson.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chamberlain, C. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ayres.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work 1 initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree at fourth meetings.

WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 247, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 344, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. C. BUTLER, Commander.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder. Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K. A. H. KINYON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 158, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K. MOLLIE C. PIERCE, Com.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANET N. EDMISTON, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall; Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
I. K. HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday, at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Services at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, Dubois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days, 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days, 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:34 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars, and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3:21 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:31

a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:21 a. m., New York 9:31 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
2:20	Ridgway	11 00
2:40	Johnsonburg	10 40
2:56	Glen Hazel	10 25
3:07	Croyland	10 14
3:13	Instanter	10 09
3:20	Shorts Run	10 02
3:27	Wilcox	9 55
3:51	Castanea	9 30
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 5:30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 7:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. HOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect June 26th, 1901. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. B. & K. R. Ry. for Bridgesville, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, also Everything at Bradford with train of the B. B. & K. R. Ry. for points East and West and at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Lewisburg, Kane and the Bradford Branch, connecting at Bradford with train for Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Lewis Run with B. B. & K. R. R. for Bradford, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Smethport with train for Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

4:00 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate points, connecting at Lewis Run with B. B. & K. R. R. for Bradford, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Smethport with train for Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

Trains arrive at Smethport as follows:

9:00 a. m.—From Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. B. & K. R. R. Ry. from Bridgesville, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, also Everything at Bradford with train of the B. B. & K. R. R. Ry. from points East and West and at Kane with P. & E. R. R. from Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

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The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Jan. 18, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. B. & K. R. Ry. for Bridgesville, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, also Everything at Bradford with train of the B. B. & K. R. R. Ry. for points East and West and at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
2:20	Ridgway	11 00
2:40	Johnsonburg	10 40
2:56	Glen Hazel	10 25
3:07	Croyland	10 14
3:13	Instanter	10 09
3:20	Shorts Run	10 02
3:27	Wilcox	9 55
3:51	Castanea	9 30
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 5:30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 7:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. HOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

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7:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Lewisburg, Kane and the Bradford Branch, connecting at Lewis Run with B. B. & K. R. R. for Bradford, Carr, Kinzua Jct., Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Smethport with train for Ridgway, Clermont, Carrolton, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

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OLEAN, BRADFORD & OLEAN

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46		1.57	Carpenter	0	2.36	9[illegible]
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Rd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	0
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.54	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.02	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.03	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp Ar	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar Dp	8.38	6.00	7.30
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Rulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0

THE THIRD PERSON

By KEITH GORDON.

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They had been engaged for a week; Felicia's heart was full of the sweet order of it, yet her mind clung tenaciously to a theory imbibed in the unguarded days that went before. It seemed a terrible thing now; but, be-fore-hand, she was, she acknowledged to herself.

"Jack," she said solemnly, "an engagement should be the lightest, most jolly broken thing in the world."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed her companion in amazement, lighting his pouch-pe back from the speech of unsympathetic woman whose poetry seemed a satire of his own happiness. "What's all you're saying?"

"An engagement," she repeated, grave-ly, "should be taken as an experiment. I think, at the first suspicion on the part of either one of us that he or she has made a mistake it should be broken."

An unconscious sigh expressed the re-lief she felt at getting this sentiment off her mind. Another moment and he was leaning forward, her with her hands, spoke gently, almost roughly, in tone softer than she had ever heard.

"Now, Rose, little self—"

At something that he saw in her face he stopped, and his glance softened.

"I see," he said at last, with boyish pity. "It's only a theory. But you

E MINUTES LATER SHE WAS GREETING A TALL, DARK GIRL.

ve me a shock that made my heart nd still. I was just thinking how eet and beautiful life would be—you I together—always. I felt as if ever had already begun, and right the midst of it you plump down a rek like that as if our engagement re a mere episode, a pastime. You n't mean it, darling. You"—

ust here further words became un-essary, but later on Felicia returned the subject.

Still, Jack"—she spoke in the ughtful voice of a person who has n mentally occupied with her sub-—"theoretically it does seem right. gagements are made to be broken, hey will break. More than that, I eve that when people are engaged y ought to see as much as possi-

—

of each other," he interpolated ap-ingly.

of other eligible men and women," continued calmly, "just to prove and any possible chance that they ly are the right persons—the final t persons. Every engagement should thoroughly subjected to the third son test."

ck frowned. It seemed to him that dearest girl in the world was talk-nonsense—chilling, analytical, dis-ting nonsense.

believe in letting well enough e," was his pointed comment, but after he had turned his back upon moonbeams that night and fallen a deep and healthy slumber Felicia at her chamber window, her chin wed on her hands, possessed by thought that possibly out in the t world somewhere there was what called her "ultimate love"—a man re whom Jack would pale as other had done before him. Some way thought made her eyes grow wide.

ly the way," said he when, after kfast the next morning, he strolled as usual, "the Danbys arrived night, and the mater sends word you're to come back with me to Miss Danby. Oh, come on," he inued as Felicia looked down at t with debating eyes. "You n't ever expect to look better than do in that pink linen. It would be rk of supererogation if you did."

as beguiled, the young lady yield-following him along the narrow that skirted the hedges and talk-blithely enough, though she said r a word of the thing that was set her heart.

she pretty? Is she fascinating? nen like her?" were the questions were running through her mind. urse as his mother's guest Jack have to pay her a good deal of ion.

rry up!" she ordered suddenly, n quick, breathless need to find herself just how seductive Miss was, and five minutes later she greeting a tall, dark girl, whose eyes and smile nullified all attempts at criticism.

Jack, too, seemed impressed by the unusual character of the newcomer's charms, to repose her face was almost ugly. Then she would turn those wonderful, caressing eyes upon you and smile, and forever after you watched and waited.

Even in that first hour Felicia trembled for her supremacy. Covertly she noticed that Jack was as irresistibly attracted as she herself was. For five whole minutes he had not once looked in her own direction.

"She has a lovely smile," the latter observed carelessly as her lover walked home with her.

"Heavenly," was his unconvincing answer. "And her eyes! By Jove, I never saw such eyes! It isn't that they're so beautiful, but it's what they say. When she looks at you you feel as if you're it!"

Felicia, walking behind him on the narrow path, felt suddenly lonely. She didn't like eyes that made you feel that you were it. She didn't like a voice that ever made a confession to love. She was just pretty.

"Yes, isn't she? She drops you the sting of your self. I simply can't keep my eyes off her. She's inspiring."

On he went in the same strain, lav-ishing encomium on his interest and admiration to his other self, to widen the forlorn loyalty of her replies.

"Not to mention every little courtesy he requested in surprise when, at the door, she told him how she felt. "You must be crazy. Of course I'm coming."

But in spite of his protests she was abstracted, and he went away in a huff.

It seldom were quarrels during the following week. Miss Danby was all that a man could wish. In her society Jack's wounded pride was soothed and comforted. She made him forget his worries and appear at his best.

Quiet and unobtrusively, he had a bored-ness about him. He wished Felicia were more like her. Then he returned to his own dissatisfaction. Deep in every lover's heart is a germ of tenderness awaiting to be aroused. A wave of tenderness swept over him, and he determined to find out without further delay what was this impalpable shadow that lay between them ever since the Danbys came.

"Well by Jove," he exclaimed aloud, a fatal dawning upon him—"how, as if there were really no use of trying adequately to express the whole of the emotion called Love, he exclaimed again helplessly, "By Jove!"

"And she is the lady who believes that an engagement should be the lightest of toys that, perhaps, people should see as much as possible of un-engaged ones. Oh, my eye!" And he threw back his head and roared with delight.

That afternoon they had it out. Fe-licia, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, accused him hotly.

"You've been perfectly daft over her from the first moment. There's no use of denying it. You know you have, and our engagement!"—

She choked, and Jack, who stood looking down at her, his hand thrust in the pockets of his short coat, finish-ed the sentence.

"Has stood the test of the third per-son," he said in a teasing voice. Then he held out his arms, and after one startled, questioning glance she went to him.

Would Take It.

He was a theatrical lover, and she didn't like his style in the least.

He was constant in his devotion, however, and that made matters worse. She had tried gentle means to get rid of him, but he had disregarded them with painful persistency.

In this moment of her desperation he felt it incumbent upon him to pro-pose to her, as men under similar cir-cumstances so often do.

"Dear one," he exclaimed, hurling himself tragically at her feet, "I love you. My life is yours. Will you take it?"

She did not look like a murderess.

"Mr. Singleton," she responded, with calm determination, "I will."

He gazed at her rapturously.

"Don't do that!" she begged, drawing back from him as if in horror. "I have taken your life, as you requested me to do, and you are henceforth to all intents and purposes dead."

He seemed dazed.

"I do not, Mr. Singleton," she contin-ued, turning aside, "desire to have a dead person in the house, and if you do not go away at once I shall send for an undertaker and have you re-moved to the nearest cemetery."

Then the dreadful situation in which his own precipitate folly had placed him was revealed, and he removed himself with promptness and dispatch.

Think of Others.

A gentleman who was traveling in Ireland sat down one day in a cottage to talk with an old woman. As they were having their "dish of discourse" there came a clap of thunder, and the old woman at once spread out her hands in supplication, crying:

"God bless and save us! And save his honor and save the people and all of us!"

For the space of half an hour the thunder was frequent, and each time she prayed. Then she told the visitor this story, which has a good moral in its defining of the proper spirit which should belong to prayer:

"There was a man, and he was work-ing in a field like, and it came on to thunder, and he put his head in a hole in the wall, and he said:

"'God save what's out o' me!'

"But he ought to have prayed for the whole of him, for he no sooner said that than the wall fell and took his head off.

"It was telled to me that his was a judgment on the crathur because it is not right to pray small, just for your-silf. But you should pray large—to save us all—pray big and open hearted. But that may be only a story, sir."

THE GREEDY TOAD.

Ants, Cutworms and Honeybees Are a Favorite Diet.

The toad [illegible] feeder. He sallies forth usually after sundown in search of his prey, which includes pretty near every variety of insect and worm. Mal experiment proves that in twenty-four hours he will consume insect food of a volume [illegible] capacity of his stomach—in other words, he can eat up four times of anyhow pupæ and seem very hard, though his gluttonous habit extends to them if they are too [illegible] abundant, as rather the earth has had a good working.

Ants appear to be the other dessert with cutworms and [illegible] next in order. Then come caterpillars and beetles. Grasshoppers and crickets [illegible] but a small part of his diet. Bees, and spiders still [illegible] he has also apparently [illegible] appetite for an insect we abhor, called the tiger beetle, which has a [illegible] to bite [illegible] what [illegible] to keep [illegible] up [illegible] to [illegible] as [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible].

[illegible] of [illegible] a boy [illegible] part of [illegible], which, by the way, reverses the usual order of nature, it being [illegible] in front and those behind. It is [illegible] a [illegible] erection and action is an object of fastens [illegible] to it and survey it into the toad's [illegible]. If the object [illegible] big worm, for instance, is too large to go [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], he uses his fore [illegible] [illegible] gently guide it [illegible] mouth.

Most of the [illegible] which the toad lavishes are in early [illegible] stages of the [illegible] season. It is hard to say just where to place him in this classifica-tion. Nearly all species of mollusc as well as persons [illegible] have nothing but the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Treasures of Brookmere

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.

"Jessamine, come in at once!" Mrs Brookmere called acidly from the west porch. As her granddaughter rose obediently, but with a little impatient sigh, her companion, Austin Wills whistled softly, then said:

"Jessamine! What a wax Madam Brookmere must be in! You're always Sunbeam and Fairy and Bright Eyes when she's in a good humor."

"That is to say when the Beveridge thing is around," Jessamine said, with a shrug. "She is in a wax—she always is when you come—and she feels in her bones when you are coming."

"H-m-m! I ought to be flattered, but I'm not the least bit," Austin answered, also rising and catching Jessamine's hand. She looked aghast, but he kept sturdily at her side until they were facing Jessamine's dragon. Then he said, with his best flourish: "Oh, Madam Brookmere, I have brought this young person to tell you why she can't possibly come in. She is to go rowing with me. We will be back by late tea time. The afternoon is too heavenly to be wasted on land."

"Jessamine, go upstairs and fetch my embroidery. Be sure you don't forget my glasses," madam said, as though the young man had not spoken. Jessamine made to obey, but Wills held her back. He lifted his hat to the elder lady, turned and walked off, saying over his shoulder: "Send the maid up, madam. It's bad luck to turn back. I can't allow Miss Jessamine to risk spoiling our cruise."

"Oh, what will she do to me?" Jessamine cried as they hurried away. Madam had been too paralyzed by Wills' audacity to say a word. Austin drew Jessamine's hand farther over his arm and smiled down at her, saying: "I hope it will be 'Out of my house, ingrate!' Then, you see, you will have to come to my house whether or no."

"Mercy, you do take a lot on your self!" Jessamine said, pulling away her hand, her eyes dancing wickedly. "I begin to fear, Mr. Wills, that you have taken our little affair seriously"—

"Isn't it to be taken seriously? Really you lift a weight off my conscience," Wills interrupted in her own tone; then, after a chuckle: "Jess, I must lecture you—point out the sinful folly of your course. Here you might be, by taking pains and shdwing yourself properly devout and submissive, Mrs. Beveridge—possibly Mrs. Bishop Beveridge—I really believe the gentleman has it in him to go high ecclesiastically, he's so suave and silken, just the sort to worm himself into the minds of rich churchmen, not to mention their check books. Yet you are passing him up—passing up the chance of a lifetime—for the sake of"—

"A very commonplace sinner," Jessamine broke in.

Wills gave her a look of pained surprise. "I was going to say 'for the sake of having your own willful way,'" he protested.

It was early afternoon, and the long, smooth river reach, flecked with sun and shade, mirrored perfectly the summer world either side. Jessamine hung over the boat side, staring at her own image. Austin watched her with happy eyes, but after a little he drew her upright, saying softly: "Vanity, thy name is Jessamine. I can't have another case of Narcissus and his image upon my conscience."

"Really! Have you a conscience?" Jessamine retorted.

"Pirates even have consciences—about some things," Austin answered, shipping his oars and letting the boat drift toward the other bank. "For example, it goes against their consciences to let treasure manifestly within reach go to some other fellow. That other pirate, Beveridge, shan't have the treasure of Brookmere."

"What is the treasure of Brookmere?" Jessamine asked demurely. "How much is it worth? And how are you going to save it from clerical clutches?"

"Let me see. I believe the Brookmere rating is about three millions," Austin answered reflectively, but with a twinkle of the eye, "handy millions at that," he went on, "all in gilt edged securities. If you were more than a baby, Jess, you would see a little beyond the end of your nose. Bishop-to-be Beveridge did want you—in fact, he still wants you being a man of taste, for all his sins."

"Thanks!" Jessamine interrupted. Wills shook his head at her.

"He wanted you rather badly, but not so badly as he wanted the Brookmere money. And that he means to have—in spite of our teeth. Madam is only sixty and young for her years"—

"You can't mean he is trying to marry her?" Jessamine cried, aghast.

Wills nodded. "That's his present laudable aim. Therefore he would like nothing better than to have us openly defy madam. Our elopement would be a trump card for him. Now, although we are not mercenary, neither are we destitute of common prudence. Three millions, or even one or two, might come in handy a heap of times. Moreover, we owe madam a certain duty. We can only discharge it by meeting guile with guile. That means, in plain English, you have got to turn from your evil way of preferring my company and smile instead upon the bishop to be"—

"I don't understand. How will that help?" Jessamine asked in bewilderment.

"He is mighty near committed to madam. Wait until he is quite committed, then do your best to take him away from her. You can do it, never fear. He's human, if he is a preacher, and no mere man yet born of woman is able to stand against you"—

"Thank you again," Jessamine said, tossing her head. "Oh, I want that clump of cardinal flower," leaning as she spoke toward the shelving shore.

Wills shook his head. "Snakes!" he said laconically, speaking very loud; then, in a low undertone: "There's where we quarrel, Jess. Insist upon getting out. The bishop to be is coming down the path."

"Oh, Mr. Beveridge," Jessamine called eagerly, "do come and pick some flowers for me. I want to pick them myself, but I find I am a prisoner," with a withering glance at Wills.

Beveridge ran down to the water's edge. "Won't you let me rescue you?" he cried, holding out his hand. "Jump! I promise you shall get nothing worse than a pair of wet feet by it."

"She needn't have even them," Wills said boorishly. "If you'll agree to see her to the house I'll be glad enough to put her ashore. Not in the humor for walking myself and still less for botanizing."

Half an hour later Mrs. Brookmere was surprised and, if truth must be spoken, not wholly pleased to see Jessamine sauntering home, her hands full of scarlet bloom, with the Rev. Bewly Beveridge at her elbow. Now the minister had been madam's own companion all through the earlier afternoon, and, though he had not said much—quite too little to make madam aware of her own state of mind—he had looked unutterably things. She had found the looking pleasant—she was of the women made to be married, childless, although she had buried three husbands, and still possessed of an alert and lively vanity. She liked to see her name at the head of lists of patronesses, especially missionary and rescue bands. Further, flattery was meat her soul loved to feed on. The Rev. Bewly had found that out at about the second minute and acted upon the knowledge. Indeed, his mind was pretty well made up to marry her before the interview ended. But then he had not seen Jessamine in this mood. Jessamine upset his calculations; she fairly swept him off his feet.

Madam was sadly puzzled throughout the next week. Wills haunted the house as much as ever, though Jessamine openly flouted him, at the same time smiling shy propitiation at the bishop to be. He also was in a maze. Jessamine's encouragement was too elusive to warrant giving over his pursuit of madam, yet sufficiently unsettling to make him at times distrait. Wills glared at him and ostentatiously ignored him. It was that which gave him the strongest hope. Wills must be jealous—madly jealous. If only Beveridge had never begun to court that old woman! She was in the beginning eager to play fairy godmother. It was sickening to feel that he had disturbed this pious purpose, making the lady feel that she was not too old to inspire grand passion number four.

Presently he began to see light. He would have it out with Jessamine—ask her plumply to be Mrs. Beveridge, and, if she said "yes," go to madam for her blessing, along with an apocryphal tale of assistant wooer ready to sue for her hand. He could make it appear he had been finding out her mind toward a fourth marriage. It would go hard with him, but that somewhere he would find a man to make good. Indeed, providentially he already knew the man—a college president, poor and pious, entitled to write half the alphabet after his name in honorary distinctions, with children all safely married, and much in want of a good home. So he went straight to Jessamine, begging her to sing to him. The music room was at the very end of the house, thus well apart. There was small chance of interruption. All the rest were busy with games or flirting or walking in the flower garden under a white moon.

Jessamine went with him, walking high headed and joyous. At the door of the parlors she waved him forward, running back herself upon some errand he did not understand. Whatever it was, she did it very quickly. He had hardly found the songs he wanted when she was beside him, smiling at him in the most bewildering fashion. As she reached for the music her hand, apparently by chance, fell lightly upon his. He tried to hold it, but she snatched it away, turned from him and began to sing very softly. He watched her with burning eyes, his breath coming hard and fast. As she made to rise he put his arms about her and gathered her to his breast, saying hoarsely: "Jessamine, darling, won't you make music for me always? Unless you do my life will be wasted."

"You—you are not in earnest!" Jessamine said, slipping from his arms and averting her face. "You, who are so great, so wise, so good, need another sort of wife—somebody who can help you. I—I should be only a burden."

"A blessed burden, one I shall rejoice to carry," Beveridge said, trying to take her hand. She drew away from him, saying as though in despair: "You—you are playing with me. You really want grandmother"—

"Grandmother! Oh, you jealous darling! How dare you name anything so preposterous?" Beveridge said, catching both her hands. "Grandmother is the most estimable of old ladies, but even if I knew she would take me I could not think of marrying her—not for all the money in the world."

"H-m-m! You've been trying to do it for a very moderate part of the money," grandmother said, stepping through the French window upon Austin Wills' arm. After one look at her the Rev. Bewly Beveridge stepped out through the same window. He knew the treasures of Brookmere were wholly lost to him, no matter how they were reckoned.

His Compliment.

Fond Young Mother (with firstborn)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

The Best Kind of Charity.

The best kind of charity is not that which makes a man easy in destitution but uneasy in it—uneasy enough to struggle out of it by the aid of a friendly hand.—Zion's Herald.

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story—if too large, it trips him up; if too small, it pinches him.—Horace.

A SCHOOL FOR SPIDERS.

The Insects Taught to Weave Their Webs Only on Bottles.

"This is my spiders' school," said the young woman, and with a little stick she brushed a few webs from the wall. "Not much to look at, is it? Only a dozen rows of wine bottles, a great many spiders and a great many webs. I make nevertheless a little money out of the school.

"Spiders' webs are in demand among surgeons and among the makers of certain astronomical instruments, the surgeons using them to stop hemorrhages with and the instrument makers using them in certain very delicate instruments—instruments where, strange to say, a human hair would not take their place, because a hair is neither fine enough nor durable enough to serve the required purpose.

"Besides selling the webs I also sell the spiders. A corrupt class of wine dealers buy the spiders. These men put them among bottles of new wine. I train the spiders to weave on bottles only—I tear down webs woven anywhere else—and it is amazing how quickly these well schooled pupils of mine will cover a case of port or claret with cobwebs, giving to the wine an appearance of great age.

"Six spiders in a week will add two years to the aspect of a dozen bottles of wine; hence you will readily see how valuable the ugly little creatures are to wine merchants of a certain type."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SEWING COTTON.

The Humble Origin of the Great Thread Industry.

The origin of sewing cotton was told at a cotton manufacturers' meeting by the head of the great thread house of Paisley, Scotland. It was discovered in 1803 by his grandfather, who had a little business in Paisley, making silk twine for beddies, which were used by every weaver. The silk came from Hamburg, and in 1803 Napoleon caused the stock held there to be burned in order to hamper British trade. The weavers were in despair, but James Clark conceived the idea that cotton yarns could be twisted together to form the twines.

The experiment succeeded, and from this grew the idea that cotton could be substituted for flax in the manufacture of sewing thread and would not be so coarse and harsh. He began the manufacture of the thread in a very small way. It was at first put up in skeins and had to be wound into little balls by the purchaser, and then Mr. Clark invented the modern spools. He had them made by a wood turner, half a gross at a time. They cost him sixpence a dozen, and he charged the purchaser of the thread a halfpenny for the spool which, however, was refunded when the spool was returned. The ladies of Paisley used to come to his shop with their spools and wait while he wound the thread on them. From this small beginning grew a great industry.

OPEN AIR TREATMENT.

Reasons For Its Good Results in Cases of Consumption.

The advantages of the open air treatment for consumptives may be thus briefly summarized: The patient exposed continuously to fresh air gains in appetite, assimilates his food better, sleeps more soundly and awakens more refreshed. Free exposure to air is the best antipyretic. Sweating at night, formerly so common a symptom, usually ceases. Colds are practically unknown among patients leading an open air life. Secondary infection, on account of the comparative freedom of the air from micro organisms, is much less likely to occur. Tolerance of outside air is very quickly established, and no one who has tried the open air life will willingly go back to the former conditions of stuffiness. I have never seen any one made worse by exposure to fresh air. Even during a thick London fog patients get on better lying in bed on a balcony or in rooms with windows wide open and a good fire burning than when attempts are made to shut out the fog by keeping the windows shut.—Dr. H. W. G. Mackenzie in London Lancet.

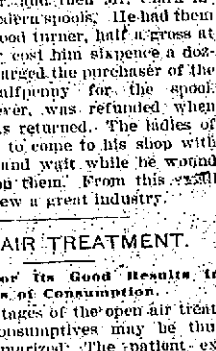
The Chance He Lost.

"Why are you so sad, Alice?" her mother asked.

"I've decided not to keep company with Mr. Jonesby any more."

"Dear me! Have you heard anything about him?"

"No. But last night when I said I wished that I was a man he merely asked me why, instead of getting excited and saying that life would be hateful to him if I had not been born a girl."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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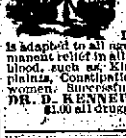

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$1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1905,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece of land situated in the township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the north line of lot No. 58 of the Minard Run tract distant sixty and 78-100 rods on a course north 86 degrees west from the southwest corner of lot No. 59; thence along the north line of lot No. 59 north 86 degrees west thirty and 100-100 rods to a post; thence north 3 degrees 80 minutes west one hundred thirty-one and 64-100 rods to a post in the south line of lot No. 52; thence along said south line of lot No. 52 south 86 degrees east thirty and 80-100 rods to a post; thence parallel with the west line of lot No. 59 south 3 degrees 80 minutes west one hundred thirty-one and 64-100 rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five (25 A.) acres of land, be the same more or less and being part of lot number 57 (57) in Warrant No. 2274 as surveyed, located and staked out by T. M. Towl, surveyor, as sub-divided and staked out by J. Opperman surveyor.

Improved and having thereon 2 abandoned oil wells with casing in and 1 boiler and engine.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Henry Beard, W. M. Page and John F. McCormick at the suit of C. T. Evans, Assignee of A. B. Walker and C. C. Melvin, and John Allen, F. G. Babcock and G. C. Howe.

James George, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north line of highway at the southwest corner of lands deeded to Isabella Raymond; thence north 45 degrees west one hundred thirty-seven and two-tenths (137.2) rods, more or less, to a post in the south line of Harry Ross land; thence north 87½ degrees west by the line of the Ross farm four and eight-tenths (4.8-10) rods to a post and corner; thence south 45 degrees east one hundred nineteen (119) rods, more or less, to a post and stones in the north line of the highway; thence north 50 degrees east by the north line of the highway twenty-five and forty-four one-hundredths (25.44) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty and one-half (20½) acres more or less. Excepting and reserving the Wagner burial lot as now staked and deeded. ALSO, excepting and reserving all the Oil and Gas in, under and upon said land, together with the right of free ingress, egress and regress over and upon the same for the proper enjoyment of the rights so reserved. No improvements thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of H. E. Brown, Administrator of the estate of A. A. Agner, deceased, at the suit of D. H. Rook, now for use of S. G. Coffin.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all lots No. 203 and 204 that certain pieces, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Beaufond, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post twenty-five feet north of the northwest corner of Kennedy and Amm streets; thence westerly one hundred and two feet to a post; thence northerly fifty feet to a post; thence easterly one hundred and two feet to a post; thence southerly along the west line of Kennedy street fifty feet to place of beginning. Being lots number two hundred and three (203) and two hundred and four (204) on map of Bayne, Amm and Kennedy's lands as surveyed by Geo. T. Keith, surveyor, June 1878 and being same land conveyed by Samuel G. Bayne et al to Mrs. Lucy B. DeGoller by deed dated October 4th, A. D. 1879, and recorded in McKean County Records in DeedBook, Vol. 3, page 118, &c.

Improved and having thereon a one story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lucy B. DeGoller Brown and Thomas Brown at the suit of Anna Powers.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrants Nos. 3124 and 3127, bound, d and described as follows: Being Lot No. 8 of the E. K. Kane survey of 1876 & 1877, situated on the west side of the Big Level Road:—Commencing at a post the southeast corner of said lot; thence west 126 rods to a post corner; thence north 11 degrees east 75.4 rods to a beech corner; thence south 74 degrees east 126 rods to a post corner on the west side of said road; thence, in a southwesterly direction along said road 86 rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres more or less.

Reserving and excepting thereout the right of way of the Pittsburg & Western Railroad, and also subject to the reservations and restrictions contained in Articles of Agreement filed in this case.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, one barn and a quantity of fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Nels Peter Nelson at the suit of Elizabeth D. Kane.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and being Lot No. 8 in Warrant No. 3127, bounded on the east by the Smethport road; south by land formerly of August Gustafson in Lot No. 9, and west and north by lands of Steinbrenn Estate. Containing 48 acres, and subject to the reservations and restrictions contained in Articles of Agreement filed in this case.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, one bank barn and a quantity of fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles Peterson at the suit of Thomas L. Kane, now use of Elizabeth D. Kane.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being Lot No. 88 Welsh Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Welsh Street one hundred sixty feet southward of the southwest corner of Welsh and Reynolds Streets, and fifty-four and one-half feet northward of a stone marking the corner of Khuzia Avenue; thence at right angles to Welsh street south seventy degrees west (S. 70 degrees W.) eighty (80) feet to a post; thence parallel to Welsh Street north twenty degrees west (N. 20 degrees W.) fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles north seventy degrees east (N. 70 degrees E.) eighty (80) feet; thence by the west line of Welsh Street (30 feet from the center thereof) south twenty degrees east (S. 20 degrees E.) fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing four thousand square feet more or less.

Being the same premises which were conveyed to Hilda Hedin by Leonard S. Bancroft and wife by Deed dated January 2nd, 1901, which said Deed is recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 114, page 21.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Hedin and Hilda Hedin at the suit of Conewango Building & Loan Association.

E. C. Anderson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 7, 1905.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 29, October Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie A. King did, on the 9th day of June, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, J. H. King.

We therefore command you, the said J. H. King, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie A. King and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie A. King, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 21, 1905.

Gallup & Bonton, Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 250, Oct. Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Bernetta M. Redding did, on the 1st day of September 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. A. Redding.

We therefore command you, the said C. A. Redding, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held, for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Bernetta M. Redding and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bernetta M. Redding, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 31, 1905.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 252, October Term, 1904

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck did, on the 15th day of September 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes there in set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck.

We therefore command you, the said Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1905.

E. R. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 226, October Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Wayne V. Mason did, on the 27th day of August 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ellie M. Mason.

We therefore command you, the said Ellie M. Mason, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Wayne V. Mason and show cause, if any you have, why the said Wayne V. Mason, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31st, 1905.

John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by R. W. Hilton, J. M. Hilton, B. E. Burdick and their associates, all citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, to the Governor of Pennsylvania in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., on Monday, the 27th day of February, A. D. 1905, at eleven o'clock a. m., under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, A. D. 1874, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the KEYSTONE GLASS COMPANY, the character and object of which is the manufacture of window glass, plate glass and other articles of glassware, and the sale and purchase thereof, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 1st, 1905.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 28th day of February, A. D. 1905, by William L. Hamilton, John Troy and Daniel M. Cooper, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Newton Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of wood alcohol, acetate of lime, charcoal, wood tar and other products from wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb'y. 1905.

Notice of Administration

In the Estate of John S. Coady deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of John S. Coady, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph E. Mundy, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JOSEPH E. MUNDY, Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., February 1, 1905.

Professional Cards.

Gallup & Bonton,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly

DYSON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

HAMLIN & FORREST,

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.

Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Smethport, - - - Penn'a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night.

Bell Phone.

H. L. Mundy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. C. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark,

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Strandburg, M. D., V. M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bennethum,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St. Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brooks,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL.

Main street, Smethport, Pa.,

Bacon Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season and a liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

BARNHOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently been refitted and refurnished throughout, and made many improvements, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the public. Give me a call.

H. BARNHOUSE, PROPRIETOR.

BAYNE HOUSE,

VERMONT BEN

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant

New York Counts.

Clams. Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer.

Smethport, Pa.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHEBURNE, Prop.

125 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, refainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.